AND THIS IS BOSTON!

ELEANOR EARLY

Everett M. Turner
Newburgh, N. Y.

Mrs. E. M. Turner
From —
Merritt A. Farren
September 1935.

AND THIS IS BOSTON!

(And Seashore and Country Too)

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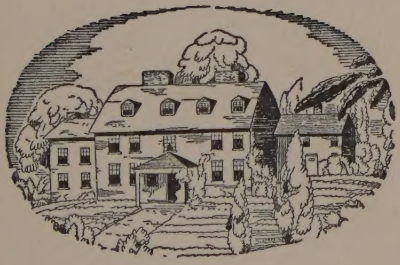
AND THIS IS BOSTON!

(And Seashore and Country Too)

BY

ELEANOR EARLY



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FOR
NICK

FOREWORD

I WISH to acknowledge to Constance R. Nelson my appreciation for great help in the preparation of this little book.

Miss Nelson was born in Wisconsin. Her father was vice-consul for Denmark, and very proud of his Danish blood. The family never could understand Constance.

When she was ten years old she said, 'I am going to Boston, when I grow up, and be a Bostonian.'

When her parents talked of returning to Denmark, Constance talked of New England. She read everything she could find with a New England scene. And when she was through college she said, 'Now I shall get a job in Boston, and see the things I have read about.'

Her father offered to double her allowance if she would stay in Racine. Her mother wanted to take her to Denmark.

But Europe meant nothing to Constance. She wanted the charm and graciousness of New England. Colonial homes, with fanlights and lavender windows. Low stone walls, and rock-bound coast. So she packed her bags, and left the West forever.

Now Miss Nelson works by day. Reads by night. And sees New England by week-end. She is prouder of Boston than any person I ever have known, and more

appreciative of its loveliness. It was largely because of her enthusiasm that this book was written, and her affection for New England was an inspiration during the weeks of its preparation.

I hope that, as you visit Boston, you can feel the way she feels about it. Because if you can, you will have a perfectly glorious time!

ELEANOR EARLY

WELLESLEY HILLS
MASSACHUSETTS

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* * *

CHAPTER I

Old Boston

Boston is like a nice old lady. If you don't know her very well, you might think her prosy, and a little dull. Old ladies are frequently misjudged, and Dame Boston — dear old thing — doesn't always put her best foot forward. There is nothing loud about her, nor blatant. She's quiet and conservative, and she clings to her old-fashioned things, and tucks them away in quiet corners, and shows them only to those who really love her.

Every year thousands and thousands of people make pilgrimages to Boston, and unfortunately, a great many of them never see the city at her best. Younger cities are smarter, perhaps. More modern, and all that. But Boston, in lavender and old lace, has a beautiful dignity. Such lovely charm. She isn't stand-offish, really. She loves to share her treasures with those who appreciate them. Only Boston couldn't, for the life of her, slap a guest on the back, and that is why unattached visitors are often left pretty much to themselves. Boston has never worn labels nor placards. It has always been hard for the average tourist to find his way about. The streets

are little and poky. Once upon a time many of them were cow paths, and when the City Fathers paved them, they laid their bricks along the paths where the cows had roamed, and that is why you can travel the whole world over and never find any other streets quite like them. They are quaint and picturesque, but extremely puzzling sometimes.

Visitors in Boston need to be told what to see, and how to find it. Because, without special instructions, strangers are lost in a labyrinth of twisted ways. It is not, however, enough merely to set the stranger's feet on the right path. Some one who loves Boston should go with him, up and down the tortuous alleys, telling of history made here and bloodshed there. Of witches — and graveyards — and wishing stones. Of Emerson's cows — and Paul Revere's ride. And why they called the street Damnation — and how Mother Goose lived in Pudding Lane, and drove her son-in-law frantic.

Of course every one cannot have a personal escort. And that is why this little book was written — so little you can carry it with you wherever you go. It is full of a number of things. Bits of history to refresh your memory, and a hundred odds and ends. It is not a wise nor a learned book, and it will seldom bore you with dates and figures. But, like a good companion, it will chat of this and of that. And tell you, when you're tired, where to rest. And when you're hungry, where to eat. Just a friendly little thing — that's all.

Now, if you want to be friends, let us plan to meet in

the morning on Boston Common, and let me caution you to wear your most comfortable shoes. High heels are simply out on city cobbles.

Perhaps the pleasantest place to get acquainted with Boston is on the Common. It is such a nice old spot. Suppose then — if we are going sight-seeing together — we meet at one of the benches near the fountain at the Park Street end of the Common, where we can sit and chat a little.

We might buy a bag of peanuts from the old man who sells them — he's been selling them there for forty years. You know how every one who goes to Venice feeds the doves in Saint Mark's Square. And almost everybody who goes to Boston feeds the squirrels on the Common. You wouldn't think to look at that old man he had a penny, would you? Well, he has. He has a tidy little bank account. He doesn't have to sell peanuts any more, only he has been doing it so long he likes to. Besides, the squirrels all know him, he says, and would feel badly if he went away.

Dozens of old ladies save their bread crusts and take them to the Common every day, to feed the pigeons. And North End mothers bring their children to play with the birds and the squirrels, and buy balloons from the balloon man. Shabby old aristocrats come here to sun themselves. You will never, anywhere, see such funny hats as some of the gentlewomen wear. As Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, 'Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic as its hat.' Their long skirts sweep the ground, and they wear decent black mittens,

and often they carry reticules and umbrellas, and they are very poor, some of them — but many come of good Boston stock. You know that toast:

'Here's to good old Boston — the home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God!'

Well, these old ladies aren't exactly Lowells or Cabots, but some of them are, as a matter of fact, on speaking terms with both the Lowells and the Cabots.

Here, where we are standing, the Puritans erected a pen for Sabbath-breakers, and put in it those miserable sinners who profaned the Lord's Day. If it were not recorded in black and white, we could never believe that mothers were publicly punished for caressing their children on Sunday.

And husbands sent to the pillory for kissing their wives! Captain Kemble 'publicly, lewdly, Lord's Day noon,' kissed his wife at his own front door! And that was such a shameful act the magistrates sent him straight to the stocks. Nancy Byrd Turner, searching old records, learned the Captain's wanton sin, and has written a ballad so sweet and gay, you'll want to hear it, I know:

Captain Kemble of Boston town
Sat in the stocks with frost on his coat
And ice in his hair and a song in his throat,
And none of his scorners could scorn him down.
Shame on a seaman scarce ashore
Who publicly, lewdly, Lord's Day noon,
Would kiss his wife at his own front door!
He sat in the stocks and made a tune.

'O the skies were drear as yon elder's brow,
Ho, my hearties!' he bawled with a grace:
'And a stout sea serpent rolled over my prow,
But I steered by the star of a woman's face.
The wind was wild as a tiger's lust;
It shattered the dark with black alarms —
'Twould have blown ye clods to a whiff of dust,
But it blew me straight to the port of her arms.'

They tightened the cleats in the frozen wood,
They tilted his head for sharper pains.
'So I sailed,' he cried, 'with a flame in my blood
That would curdle the milk in your flabby veins.
There was death in the wave and hell in the blast,
And the Devil spanking from north to south,
But Lord's Day harbored me home at last
And blessed my brine with the sweet of her mouth!'

Louder and clearer his ballad rang.
Till the judges huddled their women back.
'If beauty be sin, good wives,' he sang,
'Ye'll send no man to the pinch o' the rack!'
They set him free while they counselled whether
God or the law should fix his doom...
But the morning stars all chortled together
High in the dawn as they squired him home.

Near the stocks where Kemble sat and jested is the place they killed witches and pirates. This afternoon you will hear about Margaret Jones, the first woman doctor in America, and how she was hanged for her humanity. And we will walk along the site of the ancient whipping-posts and pillory, past the spot where the ducking-stool used to be.

Now let us consider the beginning of this beautiful

old Common. Boston, as you know, was founded in 1630, ten years after the Pilgrims arrived in Plymouth. In 1634, Governor Winthrop set aside this tract of land, containing nearly fifty acres, for 'common use as a cow pasture and training field,' whereupon the law set forth that 'there should be no land granted either for house plott or garden out of ye open ground or common field.' A few years later, further to strengthen the matter, another law was passed declaring that the Common should 'forever be held unbroken, until a vote of the majority of the people should permit it to be sliced or cut.' Recently, on account of this ancient law, the people voted on a proposition to reduce the Common in order to widen bordering streets. And by a big majority they voted it down!

Look around you, and picture a scene long, long ago, when village maidens came here with their spinning-wheels, to spin for glory and for prizes. They didn't have beauty contests in those days, but they do say as how the prettiest girls walked off with all the honors.

Ralph Waldo Emerson used to tend his mother's cows in the sunny pastures that stretch about us. The Emersons were dreadfully poor. When Ralph was eight years old, his father died, and for several winters Ralph and his brother, Edward, had to share the same coat. Jeering school-fellows would ask, 'Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?'

Long afterward, when he was very famous, Dr. Emerson, walking here one day, came upon a lad struggling desperately with an exasperating calf. The calf

didn't want to go home, and the young man did. He pushed her, and he pulled her — and she wouldn't budge a step. Then the angry youth fell to kicking bossy.

'Oh, don't do that,' cried a gentle voice, and Dr. Emerson tucked a finger in the calf's mouth. The boy lived away off on Clapboard Street, and along went Emerson to Clapboard Street, with the little beast trotting meekly behind him, sucking hard. When they reached the cow shed, he turned to the boy.

'Cows and females,' remarked the great man, 'like gentle persuasion.'

We will take a path, now, toward the State House. The State House is a splendid building, with Bulfinch front of red brick, and white marble wings, and a shining golden dome. This is the way Emerson walked with the calf that day. When we reach the end, we climb the stone steps — and here is the Shaw Memorial.

Robert Gould Shaw was a Bostonian of exquisite breeding, put in command during the Civil War of a colored regiment — the first all-Negro regiment raised in the North. Shaw led the attack upon Fort Wagner, and there he and half his brave black men were killed. This bronze, by the way, is regarded as the noblest monument in Boston.

This morning we are going to walk north. This afternoon we will return to the Common by a circuitous route, and continue down, past the Frog Pond, to the Public Garden. Now if we are to see the north end of the city before luncheon, we must be on our way.

We will walk a few steps to our right to Park Street and down past Park Street Church, with its windows, on one side, looking out over the Common, and on the other across the old Granary Burying Ground. People call the corner here Brimstone or Hot Corner, but nobody seems to know whether it is because of its vigorous brand of Christianity (practiced to this day) or because, in olden times, there was gunpowder stored in its basement. The church is over a hundred years old, and it was here that 'America' was first publicly sung. It's a nice old church with a graceful spire. Throughout New England you will find old country churches with spires pointing heavenward, all copied from London churches designed by Christopher Wren. And here, before you, is the loveliest of them all.

Now let us go around the corner on Tremont Street, to the old Granary Burying Ground. Probably there is not, in the whole world, a graveyard like this. Such a solemn place, with sacrilegious pigeons fluttering over the graves, and squirrels playing tag among the tombstones. There is a lovely solemnity about this little cemetery. It fronts busy Tremont Street, nestling in the quiet shadow of tall buildings, and for nearly three hundred years it has kept its hallowed peace. Its headstones are little and dull, and covered with moss. And the trees that shelter them are grim and old. And, after dark, the little night winds sob as they tiptoe through the gloom, so that children say the place is haunted, and brooding spirits come at night to sit on their own tombstones.

In the old days the Granary was so full that the grave-diggers buried people four deep, and the custodian was always complaining because he could not know who was who among the illustrious dead. Here they are, heroes and heroines of the Revolution. Perhaps you would like to wander among the headstones, and look for familiar names. Paul Revere, and the elder Franklins, Governor Hancock, Samuel Adams, Sewall, Otis, and Faneuil. There are many quaint inscriptions. But here is the most delicious of all, on the huge tombstone of Benjamin Franklin's parents:

> Josiah Franklin and his wife Abiah lie here interred
> They lived lovingly together in wedlock
> fifty-five years, and without an estate or any
> gainful employment, by constant labor and
> honest industry maintained a large family
> comfortably, and brought up thirteen children
> and seven grandchildren respectably. From
> this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence
> in thy calling, and distrust not Providence.
>
> He was a pious and prudent man;
> She a discreet and virtuous woman.
>
> Their Youngest Son
> In Filial Regard to their memory places this Stone:
>
> J. F. Born 1655 Died 1744 at 89.
> A. F. Born 1667 Died 1752 at 85.

Near by is Mother Goose, whose husband's name was Isaac — Isaac Goose. After her husband died, she went to live with her eldest daughter, who had married a prosperous printer, Thomas Fleet, and lived on Pudding Lane, now Devonshire Street. The Fleets had a whole

houseful of children, and Grandma Goose used to sing them songs and ditties all day long. Now, Mr. Fleet loved peace, and his mother-in-law drove him almost crazy. But, as he could not silence her, he resolved to turn the old woman's nonsense to good account, and make an honest penny. So he gathered together her jingles, and printed them himself. I suppose Mr. Fleet never knew he had a best seller. And neither, of course, did Mother Goose, who lived to be a hundred, and died murmuring — 'Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall!'

Now walking along Tremont Street a little way, we will find, across the street, another graveyard. (Boston, you know, is simply full of cemeteries.) King's Chapel Burying Ground this one is called. And the black stone church on the corner is King's Chapel — where British officers came to worship during the siege of Boston. Perhaps you would like to drop in for a minute. They say that the pulpit is the oldest in America. Washington prayed here, and General Gage, and Sir William Howe. And Oliver Wendell Holmes used to sit in pew 102. The organ, which came from England before the Revolution, is said to have been selected by Handel at the request of King George.

Now if you would like to visit the burying ground you may see three of the most interesting graves in America. The one I love best is by the path that runs by the side of the Chapel, and its stone is little and humble. It marks the resting-place of Elizabeth Pain, who wore a scarlet letter on her breast. A flaming crimson *A. A*, as you must know, stood for 'Adultery.' Elizabeth

loved her minister, and he loved her. Outside of wedlock, she bore him a child, and all her life long they made her wear the scarlet letter of her shame. You have read of Hester Prynne in Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter' — well, *this* is the grave of Hester Prynne, whose real name was Elizabeth Pain.

Not far away lies Mary Chilton, the first woman to step from the Mayflower on New England soil. But the oldest stone of all is on the grave of William Paddy, who was born in England while Elizabeth was still queen. A long, long time ago.

Some say that the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd, lies buried here. Did you know that, once upon a time, Captain Kidd was a most respectable man? The Colonial Governor of New England actually sent him on a voyage, to catch pirates! But he was so long away that people began to get suspicious, and rumor had it that he'd turned pirate himself. Years passed. And one day back to Boston came Captain Kidd, to report to his Governor. It seems he had been very busy all the time. He had captured no end of pirate ships, and taken from them their stolen treasure — 1111 ounces of gold, 2353 ounces of silver, 57 bags of sugar (more precious than rubies), and 41 bales of goods.

Although Kidd had acquitted himself with glory, orders came, shortly, from England, for his arrest. And he was locked up in Boston Jail. Boston Jail, in 1700, was a terrible place. The walls were so thick no sound could penetrate them. And the cells were dark as Egypt's night. The jailer's keys weighed three pounds

apiece. And prisoners lived on bread and water. They kept Captain Kidd there awhile, and then they sent him to London, where he was tried and hanged. How his body happens to be in King's Chapel churchyard is a mystery. But here is a tale as true as I live.

If you visit the burying ground at midnight, and tap three times on a big gray stone, and ask in a whisper, 'Captain Kidd, for what were you hanged?' Captain Kidd will answer — nothing.

John Winthrop, Massachusetts's first Governor, is buried here. And Endicott, that fierce old man who ordered Quakers hanged.

Now continue along Tremont Street to Scollay Square, and take old Cornhill to Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty. Walk on the right down Cornhill, so that you may have a glimpse of the old second-hand bookstores — distinctly Bostonese.

Here, before us, is Dock Square, so called because, when it was named, there was a dock just beyond. In those days, you see, the ocean came right up here. The handsome bronze gentleman with his arms folded is Samuel Adams, who organized the American Revolution and signed the Declaration of Independence.

Faneuil Hall was built in 1742 and given to the town of Boston by Peter Faneuil, the first story to be used as a market, and the upper as a town hall. During the Revolution it was so frequently used for important political meetings that it became known as 'The Cradle of American Liberty.'

In the hall are many historic paintings, and the

armory on the third floor has a military museum. Perhaps you do not care for stern-visaged canvases. But there is one portrait you must not miss — Gilbert Stuart's Washington: Washington, at Dorchester Heights, about to mount his white horse. Edward Everett, who delivered a glorious eulogy on Lafayette in this hall, turned in the course of his speech to this portrait and cried, 'Speak, glorious Washington! Break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak!' It was tremendously thrilling — so very thrilling that several ladies fainted!

If you are very hungry, you can eat near here, where the marketmen go. There are two places where the food is excellent, but, naturally, you must not look for dainty service. One of them is Durgin Park's, and the other is Patten's, both on North Market Street, not a moment away. If you had rather wait, there are other places on T Wharf, where our morning walk ends.

Now we will go along North Street (the second to the left of Fanueil Hall) to Paul Revere's house, at Number 19 North Square. I wonder if you know what a very distinguished gentleman Paul Revere was.

Of course you have heard Longfellow's poem about him, the one that begins:

> 'Listen, my children, and you shall hear
> Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere...'

I suppose that is why people always think of Revere as a romantic horseman, and forget all about his other praiseworthy accomplishments. You know Paul Revere silver, and Paul Revere pewter? Revere designed tea-sets

and coffee services, flagons and water pitchers, and flat silver. He was the greatest silversmith of his time and the most versatile man of his generation. Longfellow, in immortalizing his glory, has set his hero down as merely a clever dispatch rider, and very few people realize that he was a statesman, industrial pioneer, and an engraver. Why, he was even a dentist! After the Battle of Bunker Hill, he identified the body of Joseph Warren by a false tooth he had inserted in the patriot's jaw.

This seventeenth-century house of his is the oldest in Boston. The Reveres moved here shortly after their marriage, and all of Paul's sixteen children were born upstairs. He married twice, and his wives had eight children apiece. Paul outlived most of the family, dying here at the age of eighty-three, a handsome old man, with snow-white hair and a tremendous dignity. He was a great 'joiner,' a leader among the mechanics in Boston, and organizer of the first Scottish Rite Masonic Lodge in Massachusetts.

Through this door by which we enter, Paul went forth on his famous ride, April 19, 1775. Over there are his flintlock and pistols. And here is his grog-cup and toddy-warmer. (Mr. Revere, the neighbors said, loved his toddy.) Here are the saddle bags, in which the little Reveres packed their father's finished silverware, which he delivered himself to his country customers.

In the parlor you may see a perfect reproduction of the paper that was on the walls when Paul Revere brought his first bride here. And, if you like it, you may buy enough to paper your own best room.

On top of everything else, Revere printed a newspaper. Be sure you see the copies on exhibition in the rooms upstairs. And read that advertisement about the 'hearty young woman with a good young breast of milk, that can be well recommended.' The young woman, seeking respectable employment, 'would go into a gentleman's family to suckle.'

Besides editing his newspaper, fashioning immortal silver, and drawing the neighbors' teeth, Paul Revere cast the sweetest bells in America, of which seventy-five are in use to-day, some in churches and some in town halls. It was he who engraved and printed the first paper money made in this country. He manufactured tremendous quantities of gunpowder, and had a copper rolling mill, too. And, when he hadn't anything else to do, he carved wooden frames for the artist Copley's most beautiful paintings.

When you have wandered upstairs and down, we will go to the Old North Church (sometimes called Christ Church), where Paul Revere saw the signal lanterns that sent him forth on his historic gallop. That famous ride, by the way, is reënacted annually, on the 19th of every April, when horsemen, garbed as Revere, Prescott, and Dawes, ride from Boston to Lexington and Concord. Perhaps you never knew that Prescott and Dawes also rode that night, but they neglected to appoint H. W. Longfellow as their public relations counsel!

To reach the Old North Church, we take Prince Street (the first on our left) to Salem Street, which is the second on the right. The church is Number 187.

Admission is free, but if you wish to climb to the belfry you must pay fifty cents.

The original spire of this church was built in 1740, and for fifty years it was a guide to mariners. Then there was a terrific gale, and the wind from the ocean swept, howling, through the city, and toppled the spire to the ground. The city was rather poor then, and there wasn't any money to repair the damage. So a group of Honduras merchants got together, and employed the great architect Bulfinch to draw plans that should exactly duplicate the original spire. Then the merchants asked the Governor if they might build the spire again. Naturally the Governor was delighted, and so were all the people. To show their appreciation, they set aside the Bay Pew, which is reserved to this very day for gentlemen from Honduras.

Now, to get back again to Paul Revere. You know how the patriots feared that the British were going to march on Concord, where military stores were secreted. And a friend of Paul Revere's had promised to spy among the English until he learned their plans. You remember Revere's instructions:

'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light:
One if by land, and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm!'

The old church sexton, Robert Newman, was in on it too. You know how he took the lanterns and climbed

'Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead;
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall!'

And Paul Revere, over on the Charlestown shore

'Watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, and somber and still.'

And, as he looked 'a glimmer and then a gleam of light!' He sprang to the saddle, but lingered and gazed, till a second lamp in the belfry burned. And then, how he dashed through the gloom — for the 'fate of a nation was riding that night!'

'It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
. . . . . .
It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
. . . . . .
It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
. . . . . .
So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm.'

Beneath your feet, within the church, are grim old vaults, where blanched bones lie in lidless coffins. Not long ago, people were permitted to visit this grue-

some charnel house, but now admission is decently denied. They were very nice to poor people a couple of hundred years ago, and when the lowly died, they buried them in the place of honor, right under the altar. Farther to the back rest the old aristocrats. Perhaps you would like to decipher some of the tablets. Here is one that is very sad:

'Major John Pitcairn
Fatally wounded
while rallying the Royal Marines
at the Battle of Bunker Hill
was carried from the field to the boats
on the back of his son
who kissed him and returned to duty
He died June 17, 1775 and his body
was interred beneath this church.'

Copp's Hill Burying Ground, at the top of Hull Street, is only a few steps away. Here are 'the graves on the hill, lonely and spectral, and somber and still.' The oldest part of the cemetery goes back to 1659, and here they buried those righteous old Mathers, Cotton and Increase and Samuel. Cotton was a minister and a Puritan. The way he persecuted the witches was terrible, but all day long he said his prayers, and his conversation was made up almost entirely of heavenly ejaculations. He 'bewayled' his sins, as he called it, morning, noon, and night. And, in his diary, he tells us that one day, having been 'bewayling the Sins of the Year past and giving thanks for the Mercies,' he was a 'little comforted with a Word spoken to him by a Gentleman, a

few months out of England. "Mr. Mather" (said hee) "I can tell you this: All the men that have any Vertue or any Reason in them, I find, love you, and value you, and honor you. But all the Base People, who are scandalous for Vice and Wickedness, hate you, and can't give you a good Word."' Probably Cotton took heart from that, and went right out after a witch.

Copp's Hill has been graded down, and is not nearly so steep as it used to be. In the old days a windmill stood on its top, and the early settlers came here for their corn.

Near by lived Mother Cary, the witch. Once, when rosemary was scarce and everybody in town had asthma (rosemary was a sure cure for asthma), Mother Cary made a trip to Bermuda and back in an eggshell. She did it in a single night, and picked an apronful of rosemary that she found blooming in the moonlight. Mother Cary had a neighbor who had nine cats, and the cats used to tell her where stolen goods were secreted. At least, those were the stories. Both old ladies denied the tales, because they knew if Cotton Mather heard about them, he'd have them hanged, sure as they were born.

This district is known now as Little Italy, and its crowded streets are a far cry from the quiet village lanes of Mother Cary's day. Scores of little boys will be delighted to show you about and recite poetry by the yard — all for twenty-five cents.

From here we have a view of Bunker Hill Monument, which is too far away to include in this morning's walk.

Those of you who have thrilled to the Battle of Bunker Hill may, if you wish, go there later. The corner-stone was laid by Lafayette, almost fifty years after the Revolution, and Daniel Webster was the orator of the occasion. Lafayette was an old man then, and Daniel Webster in the first flush of his fame. Eighteen years later, when the Monument was completed, Webster was again the orator, and Lafayette was dead. Inside the shaft is a spiral stairway of two hundred and ninety-five stone steps, up which one can climb to the top. If you're a climber, you can pay twenty-five cents and have a grand time. Look across in Charlestown Harbor for the United States Frigate Constitution, better known as 'Old Ironsides.' She is black and white, and freshly painted, so that you cannot possibly miss her.

In the old days the seas were full of pirates. For years the countries of Europe had paid tribute to these sea robbers as a means of protection. And, in the beginning, America also paid. But, as time went on, the more we paid, the more the pirates wanted: until there was nothing left to do but fight it out. Then the good ship Constitution sailed off to the Mediterranean. You must have read of young Decatur, and how, with seventy men aboard, he captured a pirate crew. The movies, not long ago, filmed that famous battle.

After we had whipped the pirates, England, who was warring with France, began to seize our merchant ships and kidnap our sailors for her own navy, until finally we had to declare war. That was the War of 1812, when

the Constitution covered herself again with glory. They used to say of her that she was ready for another fight two hours after every battle. And that is how they came to call her 'Old Ironsides.'

The war lasted two years, and when peace was declared, all honor of victory was due to the Navy. But, by that time, Old Ironsides was naturally pretty well shot up. Years passed, and some Government official gave orders to have her broken up and sold for junk. You can imagine how the people felt. Particularly Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote a poem the very day he heard the news:

'Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky!'

So the lines began, and went gloriously on to demand that, rather than break up and sell the splendid ship, they

'Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!'

After that there was no more talk of junking 'Old Ironsides,' but she was repaired and painted, to be kept as a national possession.

For a century the old boat held her own. But, recently, she began to get pretty old. Aside from sentimental reasons, she wasn't worth a cent. There was

talk again of destroying her. But the children of America got together, and saved their pennies until they had enough to recondition the old ship's hull. More than half a million dollars was spent in rehabilitating her, but her masts, spars, rigging, sails, and furnishing were still to be replaced. Then Uncle Sam appropriated $300,000 to finish the job. And now 'Old Ironsides' is going to cruise from port to port all over the country, to show folks what she looked like in her prime. Boston will always be her home harbor, and you may see her here if she is not at sea.

Now we will go through the cemetery and leave by the farther gate. Cross the cobbled playground and down the steps to Commercial Street. It was near here that John Winthrop landed when he came from Salem and founded Boston. There was a rude little village here then, which had been started the previous year and subsequently deserted. Provisions, you remember, fell short, and nearly two hundred people died. They were living on clams and nuts and worn to a frazzle — Governor Winthrop's last loaf of bread was in the oven — when, at last, a ship, loaded with food, came from England.

It is a five-minute walk from here to the Battery Street Elevated Station where we take a train to Rowe's Wharf, two stops away. One nice thing about the El — you can see the ocean from its lofty eminence. You will have to walk a little way, after you leave the train, straight ahead to Number 511 Atlantic Avenue, at the corner of Pearl Street, the site of Griffin's Wharf. Here

is where the Boston Tea Party took place. A bronze tablet marks the spot.

In those days ships lay where we are standing now. This solid ground was ocean. And where this building is was Griffin's Wharf, with the boats lying off it. Try to see it as it used to be, and picture a wintry day — December 16, 1773.

The British Government was trying to force Americans to pay the most exorbitant tax on imported tea — threepence a pound. And the colonists were pretty angry about it. Many of them stopped drinking English tea, and would have only what was smuggled in from Holland or a concoction they brewed themselves of sage and sassafras roots.

This day seven thousand people gathered in and around the Old South Meeting-House, to protest against the landing of the cargoes of three tea-laden ships that lay in the harbor. Night came, and they lighted candles waiting for word from the English Governor.

Meantime, ninety citizens had gone quietly off to a neighboring tavern, to smear their faces with soot and befeather themselves like savage warriors.

Now they appeared outside the meeting-house, brandishing hatchets and making tremendous war whoops. Down the street they ran toward the harbor. And they swarmed aboard the vessels. The captains and the crew were frightened and ran below. Then the 'Indians' fell upon the hatches and took the tea chests from the hold. And they broke them open and threw the tea overboard...

Three hundred and forty-two chests of tea — valued at one hundred thousand dollars!

Next day they were telling a story about a man from Charlestown. He was a crafty fellow, and just as mean as he could be. Thinking to get some tea to carry home, he sneaked aboard and slyly stuffed his pockets full. He even ripped the lining of his coat and stuck some tea in there. Just as he was leaving the boat, some one saw what he had been doing and grabbed him by his coat tails. The scoundrel made a great jump, leaving his coat tails behind. And next day the indignant citizens nailed them to the whipping-post in Charlestown.

By the way, the English firm that sold the tea that was dumped in the sea that night is still doing business in London. Messrs. Davison, Newman and Company, founded in 1650, boast that theirs was the tea that caused the Revolution. The original Davison and Newman started, in a humble way, as grocers, but their descendants are right smart publicists. 'We sold the tea,' they advertise, 'that was thrown into Boston Harbor and caused the American War of Independence.'

Because this is a delightful old-time region, and full of the flavor of salt and the spice of adventure, let us walk to T Wharf for luncheon. The Blue Ship Tearoom has twenty-seven windows, looking across the sea. Unfortunately I can recommend neither food nor service — but the view is incomparable; and if you do not mind climbing stairs, I would suggest lunching here. Or perhaps you would rather go to Megansett, Jr., on the wharf.

To reach T Wharf we must walk back to the next Elevated Station, at State Street. T Wharf is almost exactly opposite.

Look out now across the harbor. That little island near the entrance is Nix's Mate, where there used to be a gibbet, especially for pirates. Most of them, after they were hanged, were buried in the sand. But whenever a ringleader paid the penalty, he was left hanging in irons, so that sailors coming into port might see his skeleton and take warning.

That was in the time when all the seas were full of pirates watching for the white sails of Yankee ships scurrying home with spice and gold. But now

'The old clipper days are over;
And the white-winged fleets no more,
With their snowy sails unfolded,
Fly along the ocean floor.'

The scene on the water-front has shifted. Now fishermen put out in little colored boats. And trans-Atlantic liners nose their way into newer wharves. The romance of the old days is gone. But the eternal beauty of sea and sky is changeless. Look now across the water — and sing your soul a little song.

'I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.'

CHAPTER II

Old Boston (*continued*)

We walked so far this morning that you must be rather tired, so this afternoon we will do things in more leisurely fashion. Take your last look across the harbor, and then we will go to the scene of the Boston Massacre. State Street, known once as 'The Great Street to the Sea,' is directly across from T Wharf, and the Massacre took place at Number 30, marked by a tablet and stones laid like a cart-wheel in the middle of the street. On our way we pass the Custom-House, and, if you like, you may take an elevator to the Tower, to see the ocean spread below and the city roundabout.

First you must speak to the guard at the door, because once a man went up to the twenty-fifth floor and flung himself to the ground. It was a dramatic suicide, but hardly fair to the people in the street. So, ever since, a guard has been stationed here, and if you've a wild look in your eyes he won't let you up. The Tower is the highest point in Boston and affords an excellent view.

Now, as we leave the Custom-House and continue up State Street, we pass Change Alley, a tiny thoroughfare on our right. It is of so little breadth that teamsters driving through used to swear terribly at each other. They were so profane that the neighbors complained and the town fathers decreed that the drivers should

flip a coin to decide the right of way. But that didn't stop their swearing, and for many years this alley was called 'Damnation.'

A little ahead on our left is the State Street Counting House, a bank that is typical of old Boston. If you think there is no romance in business, drop in — and see their fascinating collection of old ship models and prints of long ago.

The Old State House lies ahead, and just below, on this side, is where the Boston Massacre occurred in 1770. Some people like to think that the boys killed here were martyrs in the cause of Freedom. But the truth of the matter is this: Bostonians were a good bit annoyed because two regiments of British soldiers were quartered in the town. One March night a group of roysterers gathered around a British sentinel, standing guard on the snow-covered street here, and began to taunt him. Now, the English soldiers, you remember, wore red coats, and the colonists used to call them lobster-backs. 'Yeah! Lobster-back!' they shouted. 'Yeah! Lobster-back!' Until, at last, the goaded sentinel struck a barber's apprentice with the butt of his musket. And the boy went off, whimpering. A crowd gathered, and some scapegrace climbed in the church window and began ringing the bell. The citizens thought it was an alarm for fire and went running with their buckets. As they passed the sentinel, the barber's apprentice came along and called out, 'That man struck me with his gun!'

Then the crowd began to pelt the poor sentinel with

snowballs. And some shouted: 'Kill him! Kill the Bloody-back!'

There was so much noise that a British captain, drilling seven privates in a distant street, came running like mad, with the privates at his heels. Then the crowd pressed up to the very muzzles of the soldiers' guns, shouting, 'Fire, you Lobster-backs! Fire, if you dare!' And, suddenly, there was a shot. And another. And another. Four men were killed, and seven wounded, two of whom died shortly afterward.... Then the mob, as all mobs do, turned and fled.

Next day a committee of fifteen, headed by Samuel Adams, met in the Council Chamber of the Old State House (which you will see in a few minutes) and demanded of the British Governor that 'all soldiery be forthwith removed from the towne.' In the same room the British soldiers were tried for murder of the Massacre victims. And all were acquitted save two, who were sentenced to be branded on the open hand.

Years later there was a monument erected on the Common in memory of the slain boys — and Crispus Attucks's name leads all the rest. For Crispus was a Negro, and Boston, an Abolitionist city, was thus pleased to prove her broad mind.

On the first anniversary of the Massacre the scene was reënacted in the windows of Paul Revere's home, and was reported in the 'Gazette' as follows:

> At one of the Chamber windows appeared the Ghost of an unfortunate young soldier with one of his fingers in the wound attempting to stop the blood issuing therefrom.

Near him his friends weeping.... In the next window were represented the soldiers drawn up firing at the people assembled before them, the dead on the ground, and the wounded falling with blood running in streams from their wounds over which was wrote 'Foul Play.' In the third window the figure of a woman representing America sitting on the stump of a tree, with a staff in her hand and a cap of liberty on top thereof. The whole was so well executed, spectators, of which there were thousands, were struck by a solemn silence and their countenances with melancholy gloom. Bells tolled dolefully from 9 till 10, when exhibit was withdrawn and spectators retired to their respective habitations.

It was here, at Number 28 State Street that the Royal Exchange Tavern used to stand. And from this point, on September 7, 1772, the first stage-coach for New York fared forth. The fare was threepence a mile, and it took six days. Now we fly to New York in fifty-one minutes, and the Yankee Clipper makes it by rail in four and three quarters hours.

Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard College, who went from here to New York shortly after the close of the Revolution, declared: 'The carriages were old and shackling, and much of the harness of ropes. We reached our resting-place for the night, if no accident intervened, at ten o'clock, and, after a frugal supper, went to bed with a notice that we should be called at three.'

News in those days could not travel faster than the stage-coaches, and when Washington died at Mount Vernon in 1799, the news did not reach Boston until ten days later — and it used to take a whole month to get in the returns of a State election.

Here we are at the Old State House, the quaintest building left in Boston. For more than a hundred years business interests have wanted to use this site for business development. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that 'you couldn't pry the old building out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar.' But after Holmes's death the city government nearly yielded to the importunities of hard-boiled business. In fact, rumor had it that the Old State House was to be razed and the square about parceled off in building lots. The news traveled like wild-fire, and lo and behold, up stepped Chicago to buy our treasure!

In a nice, polite message Chicago offered to buy the old house — in order to tear it down and rebuild it on the shore of Lake Michigan!

And that, of course, settled matters. Dame Boston gathered her skirts about her and announced with tremendous dignity that the notion was preposterous. Her dear State House! Heavens above — was Chicago crazy! There was a great to-do, and in the end Big Business promised never to broach the matter again.

Look up now at the balcony of stone. From there many a speech has been delivered and many a proclamation read, to throngs, hushed and enthralled, gathered in the streets below. Here they heard the Repeal of the Stamp Act, that infamous tax whereby England forced the colonists to place a stamp on fifty-four different kinds of documents. The stamps ranged in value from a few pence to several pounds, and were to be placed on newspapers, marriage licenses, deeds, shipping bills,

and all sorts of legal papers. Here they listened to the Declaration of Independence. And here they came for news of victory and peace.

About the square in those days were stocks, a pillory, and a red-painted whipping-post. Women, carried in cages, were brought here on carts — stripped to the waist, and flogged. Dimmesdale, Hester Prynne's lover, had a house in this vicinity, and near by poor Hester stood and showed her scarlet letter.

The pillory was on a platform in front of the State House. They used to fasten an offender by his head and his hands, so that he was scarcely able to move. The stocks were about as bad, for, though the prisoner sat down, his legs were gripped tightly between two blocks of wood. For their sport the Puritans pelted the poor wretches with vegetables!

They were strange people — these old Bostonians! We often make the mistake of idealizing them, and imagining them as living lives of sweet and high-minded simplicity. We read about their innocent amusements — their corn huskings, and spelling bees, and spinning contests. Then, suddenly, we come face to face with other facts. Heavy drinking was common to all classes, and tavern brawls were simply too frequent to attract attention. It was estimated by the Boston merchants of 1763 that 900,000 gallons of rum were consumed annually in Massachusetts — an average of more than four gallons for every man, woman, and child in the colony! Gambling was rife, and a great sport was cock-fighting. The cruel sport of gouging was

extremely popular, and attracted crowds of onlookers. ('Gouging' was a gentle pastime, which consisted of pressing out an opponent's eyeball with the thumb. It began in a wrestling match and ended with a one-eyed wretch howling for mercy.)

And yet the people were so righteous and so strict! Why, they even made the children act as pallbearers, that they might appreciate the brevity and uncertainty of life!

They tell an amusing story about the first stocks erected here. They were built for the town by a man named Palmer, who sent in his bill to the Selectmen for one pound, thirteen shillings, and sevenpence. The Selectmen immediately arrested him for profiteering, fined him five pounds, and put him in his own stocks!

Now let us go inside the Old State House (there is no fee) to see Boston's choicest treasures.

Every one seems interested in a tiny vial that contains a few tea leaves — the most precious in the world. An 'Indian' who went to the Tea Party found them next morning in his clothes and kept them as a souvenir. Fortunately people saved things in those days. See that beautiful tankard of Paul Revere's. Mrs. Revere kept it because she liked it better than anything her husband ever did. And now the custodians of this house value it so highly they've fashioned a hidden lock and chain, to hold it tight. Near by is one of the original Paul Revere prints of the Boston Massacre — so valuable that it is hidden each night in a fireproof safe.

If I were you, I should look, first of all, for the picture

that shows this section of the city as it used to be. There is the Old State House, calm and dignified, and the square where the Massacre took place. History broiled and seethed around here in those days, and I think if you can fix the scene in your mind's eye, it will double your enjoyment of all you have seen and are to see.

When you go to the Council Hall upstairs, notice particularly the stairway, graceful as a coil of lace. Some people say it is the loveliest in New England.

It was here that James Otis, Jr., argued against the Writs of Assistance. Those writs, in case you have forgotten, were general warrants allowing customs officials to enter the homes of the colonists in search of smuggled goods. Now, in those days people believed that a man's home was his castle, and when the law enforcement agents began snooping around, our forefathers rose up in righteous wrath.

A few years after Otis's memorable speech, this hall was the scene of John Hancock's inauguration as Governor (1780). It was a grand day for the Hancocks, and John wore a crimson velvet coat and a blue silk waistcoat all embroidered with gold. His trousers were of beige, and he wore silk stockings and silver buckles on his pumps.

His wife, Dorothy, was a saving little soul, and after a while she put the Governor's finery away in moth balls, thinking, no doubt, that fine red velvet would come in handy some day. Years afterward, the Hancock descendants found the whole outfit stored away in the attic and sent the trunkful here. With the Governor's

finery were Dorothy's darling pumps, and the fan she carried at the inauguration ball.

When you have wandered around for a little, we will go on to the Old South Meeting-House, a few blocks along on Washington Street.

Now, I suppose every town in the country has a street named for George Washington, but *this* one was named away back in 1789. Washington had been elected President and had come to pay Boston a visit. Naturally, the etiquette of bidding a President welcome was rather confused, since there was no precedent for anything of the sort. State authorities thought they should be hosts. And town officers thought *they* should. And they argued and argued, while for two solid hours, Washington, on his white horse, waited outside the town limits. At length the Selectmen went forth to meet their distinguished guests. And that made Governor Hancock so mad that he wouldn't play. He didn't even call upon the President. Washington resented his attitude, but Hancock retorted that it was the President's place to call on him. This Washington refused to do, and the next day Hancock (coached, no doubt, by the redoubtable Dorothy Q.) paid his belated respects, offering as an excuse that he'd had a terrible attack of gout, or he'd have been around before!

Across the street, at the corner of Court, once stood the printing office of James Franklin, who was so mean to his brother Benjamin. Ben served his apprenticeship there, but James beat him, you remember, and so he ran away to Philadelphia, where he made his fame and fortune.

Now we come to the Old South Meeting-House: 'A building,' says John Fiske, 'with a grander history than any other on the American continent, unless it be that other plain brick building in Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was adopted.' Up in the steeple is the clock that told the hours Washington waited the day he came to town, ticking for you as it ticked for the colonists long, long ago. Governor Winthrop's garden used to be on this corner, and Benjamin Franklin was born across the street (where the 'Transcript' now is published). Benjamin was fifteenth of his mother's seventeen children, and by that time Mrs. Franklin was so used to having babies that she hardly went to bed at all. Benjamin was born in the morning, and by mid-afternoon, she had him dressed in the hand-me-down christening robe and had him bundled across to the Meeting-House, to be baptized.

This is not, however, the original Meeting-House. In 1729, the old cedar church which had stood for two generations was pulled down and a new one begun of brick. It was here that five thousand citizens gathered the night of the Tea Party, and beneath the windows were raised the war whoops of the 'Indians' on their way to the harbor.

Here, if you wish, you may buy interesting little leaflets for five cents apiece. There are some three hundred of them, all dealing with historical subjects — a small investment and a few hours' perusal, and you can be something of an authority on Early Boston. Then, if Mr. Fagan should chance to be here, your day

will be perfect. Mr. Fagan is the gracious and learned custodian of the Meeting-House and knows as much of old New England as any person living.

There is a story he loves to tell about the squeak pews of long ago. The squeaks, it seems, were deliberately contrived, in order that every one's arrival might be noted. Mr. Fagan was telling the story once to an old New England lady. 'Sakes alive!' she said, 'I used to send my petticoats to the wash every Saturday to have a good loud squeak put in 'em!'

When the British besieged Boston, they turned the Meeting-House into a riding-school, and tons of earth were thrown on the floors to give a footing for their horses. Dean Hubbard's beautiful pew, all silk-upholstered, was carried off by an officer to be made into a pigsty. And the other pews, beautifully hand-carved, were chopped into kindling wood.

Not only were the pews destroyed, but, what was worse, valuable papers stored in the tower were also burned. Among the precious documents hidden there was 'the most important manuscript in the world' — Governor Bradford's priceless 'History of Plimouth Plantation.' When the Americans once more took possession of the town, it was the very first thing they looked for. And, quite naturally, it was nowhere to be found.

More than half a century later, an English bishop, the Bishop of Oxford, wrote a very dull book on the history of the Church in America, containing references to a manuscript in the library of the Bishop of London.

Years passed, and hardly anybody read the Bishop's book, until it chanced to fall into the hands of an American collector; and the American knew history so well that he realized that the facts the Bishop quoted could only have one source — and that was the Bradford manuscript. He asked the Bishop of London about it, and the Bishop said Yes, he had the papers — they were in his palace at Fulham. But whence they came, or how, the Bishop didn't know.

Then Americans began a campaign to recover our precious document. There was a tremendous amount of red tape about it. Time dragged on, and the old Bishop died, and a new one was appointed, a most politic gentleman. 'For my own part,' he said, 'I would give the manuscript up. But the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is my superior, says I mustn't.'

Then, suddenly, the Archbishop of Canterbury died. And the Bishop of London succeeded him. The new Archbishop was good as his word and relinquished the invaluable manuscript. It came back to Boston in 1897, and was welcomed with great ceremonies and many speeches. Then it was deposited in the *New* State House, where you may see it to-morrow.

There's one particular picture in the Meeting-House you want to see, that of Reverend Thomas Thacher, its first minister. Mr. Thacher was not a handsome man, but he was undoubtedly a good one. He had a long, stern face, an extremely high forehead, and a perfectly terrific nose. Among his parishioners was Anne Pollard, who lived to be one hundred and five years old, and had

her portrait painted when she was a very old lady. Anne came over with Governor Winthrop and his party, and, being young and full of life, she jumped from the bow of the boat onto the beach, so that she might say she was the first woman to land. The distinction lasted her all the days of her life, and she grew plump and complacent, and had a double chin. But, right to the end, Mistress Pollard was a pretty woman, with a little button of a mouth, and round, full cheeks. You may judge of her vanity, when I tell you she was one hundred and three when she had her picture painted. And here is an amazing fact — you can hardly distinguish Anne's portrait from that of her pastor, the Reverend Thacher, with his lean and hungry look! It seems that early colonial artists had a general ambition to reproduce the feelings, rather than the features, of their subjects. And ultra-religious people, if you please, aspired to look as much like the minister as possible!

Anne Pollard was an interesting old lady, with a large and prolific family. Her youngest child, the last of thirteen, was born in 1668. That same year Mistress Pollard celebrated her fifty-eighth birthday, and had another grandchild. She kept an inn at the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets, and Harvard students came from Cambridge to sit on her spacious porch for a summer night's gossip. And Anne smoked her pipe while she told about England in the good old days. She outlived her husband by fifty years, and carried on the Horse Shoe Tavern in grand style.

In the days when woman's place was in the home,

Mistress Pollard was the talk of the town. When she was eighty-nine she made her will, on file now in the probate records. The doughty old lady took such pride in her financial success that she began it like this: 'Whereas the Estate left by husband is considerably Advanced and Bettered by my Labour and Industry, etc.'

On December 5, 1725, there were public prayers for Mrs. Pollard. That night she died. A great-grandchild, recently dead, was laid in her arms for burial. And on Thursday there was a funeral procession such as the town had never known. Six aged and distinguished men bore Anne to her grave in the old Granary Burying Ground. And all her one hundred and thirty-five descendants were there, and the boys from Harvard who loved her well.

It will help you to place yourself historically if you study the relief map here that depicts Boston as it used to be. Notice particularly how the river came up to the Common, because, later, we are going to see the spot where the British took off in boats for the Battle of Lexington.

Now we will leave the Meeting-House, for it must be getting late, and, crossing the street, walk back half a block to School Street. The old place on the corner (now a cigar store) was the Old Corner Book Store, where New England's famous poets met, to chat and browse. It was the thing in those days to purchase a book here and stroll through the Common reading it.

Halfway up School Street is City Hall, with Benjamin Franklin standing out front. Near by stood the first

schoolhouse in Boston, and that, of course, is how the street was named. Where City Hall is now was the house occupied by General Haldiman, to whom the schoolboys protested against the destruction of their coasting slide by British soldiers. You remember Haldiman ordered the slide restored and reported the affair to General Gage, who observed that it was impossible to beat the notion of Liberty out of people's heads when it was in the very air they breathed.

At the head of School Street, we find ourselves again on Tremont. Walk along toward the Common, and in a few moments we will pass the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul (Episcopal), standing between two department stores. During the summer months the religious hospitality of Saint Paul's is dearly prized by visitors.

Now if you would like to cross again to the Common, we will begin our walk southward, past the site of the gallows and the old ducking-stool and the pillories. But if you are tired, perhaps you had rather have tea or a cool drink. There are several tearooms overlooking the Common. If you get a window table you can look across the Mall, and while you rest, I will tell you tales of long ago. First, there is Shepard's, then Crawford-Hollidge's, then St. Claire's. And, a few steps down, the Gypsy Tearoom, where you may have your fortune told in a teacup. Beyond the Gypsy, is the Gingerbread. From their windows you see church spires of piercing beauty, the gold dome on Beacon Hill, and all the dear historic elms that Holmes loved.

Dr. Holmes used to say he had put his wedding ring on

as many tree wives as Brigham Young had human ones. Once, when some one asked to see this wedding ring, he pulled from his pocket a thirty-foot tape, worn almost out on the rough bark of New England elms. It seems the poet put his tree wives in two classes. He would pass his measure, five feet from the ground, about their trunks. If they measured over twenty feet and had a spread of branches from one hundred feet across, they were Class One. The Great Elm on the Common, felled some years ago, was in Class Two, which meant that it measured between fourteen and eighteen feet.

Probably you have read Holmes's 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' The Autocrat lived in a boarding-house on Beacon Hill and fell in love with the School-mistress. And they used to go walking down Long Path that stretches from Joy Street southward across the Common to Boylston Street. One morning they walked under the elms, and a squirrel jumped on a grave with a blue slate stone at its head and a shrub growing on it. (That was in the Central Burying Ground, where Gilbert Stuart is buried. You saw Stuart's portrait of Washington in Faneuil Hall this morning. Central Burying Ground is in the Common, right on Boylston Street, with Long Path running beside it.)

The Autocrat and the Schoolmistress stopped and read the inscription, which said it was the grave of a young man who was the son of an Honorable Gentleman, dead a hundred years and more. Benjamin Woodbridge was his name. Benjamin was a minister's son, and in love with a girl beloved of a bookseller's son. The

young men quarreled at a tavern and went to the Common. And there, with swords, they fought for their love. Young Woodbridge fell, mortally wounded. The other boy took refuge on a frigate in the harbor, which sailed at daybreak for France. And there he died within a year, of grief.

'Love killed him,' whispered the Autocrat to the Schoolmistress. 'Twenty years old, and out here fighting in the cool of an old July evening! The rapier slid through his body. And he lay down, and was found cold the next morning, with the night-dews and the death-dews mingled on his forehead.'

Then the Schoolmistress 'breathed a woman's sigh over poor Benjamin's dust,' and dropped a rosebud she had in her hand through the rails and upon his grave. That was all her comment upon what the Autocrat had told her.

'How women love Love!' said the Autocrat.... But she did not speak.

You may be surprised to know there have been only fourteen duels fought in all America, and four of them were on the Boston Common. Many authors, to give an adventurous flavor to Southern romance, would have us believe that duels were frequent occurrences. But there is nothing in history to prove it.

One morning when the Schoolmistress was walking, the Autocrat asked her if she would 'take the Long Path' with him.

'"Certainly," said the Schoolmistress, "with much pleasure."

'"Think," admonished the Autocrat, "before you answer. If you take the Long Path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more."

'The Schoolmistress stepped back as if an arrow had struck her. A bench was close by — you may see it, close by the Gingko tree.

'"Pray sit down," the Autocrat said.

'"No, no," she answered softly — "I will walk the *Long Path* with you!"'

The Frog Pond by the side of the Long Path is where the little boys from the tenements come to swim. Once there was a ducking-stool here, where they ducked women who scolded and nagged. Near by was a gallows where pirates swung and Quakers were hung. Beneath the elms, in unknown graves, their bones were flung.

Bostonians do not like to talk about the hangings on the Common. The persecution of Quakers was a terrible chapter in the history of New England, and the modern viewpoint seems to be 'Least said, soonest forgotten.' You see, many descendants of the Puritans are still living in Boston, and, naturally, they do not want their revered ancestors regarded as hangmen. The Puritans, as everybody knows, were just and God-fearing, and they did their duty as they saw it. They feared Satan with all their souls and believed that Quakers were his hirelings. In a way, you can hardly blame them. Some of the Quakers were such fanatics! Lydia Wardwell, for instance, and Deborah Wilson, who ran through the streets without any clothes on, and called their conduct 'testifying before the Lord.' And Thomas Newhouse,

who went to the Old South Meeting-House, and scared the worshipers half to death. Interrupting the minister, he stood before the astonished congregation with a bottle in each hand, and smashing them together, he cried at the top of his voice, 'Thus the Lord will break you all in pieces.' The Quakers, you know, scorn all earthly magistrates, and they used to hoot at the Governor when he went walking. They rushed into church on Sunday, screaming the most insulting taunts. And the women dressed in canvas and went barefooted, with their hair all tousled and snarled. There was Margaret Brewster, who followed Newhouse to the Meeting-House...'save for the mournful sackcloth about her wound, unclothed as the primal mother.' And these were the words the maiden said through lips as pale as death.

'Repent! repent! ere the Lord shall speak
In thunder and breaking seals!
Let all souls worship Him in the way
His light within reveals!'

Then

'She shook the dust from her naked feet
And her sackcloth closer drew,
And into the porch of the awe-hushed church
She passed like a ghost from view.'

Poor deluded girl! She was tried before Magistrate John Leverett, and though her beauty and piety were such as moved many to tears, these are the words with which Leverett sentenced her:

'Margaret Brewster; you are to have your clothes

stript off to the middle, and to be tied to a cart's tail at the Meeting-House, and to be drawn through the town, and to receive twenty stripes on your naked body.'

Whipping was the usual form of punishment, and it was customary to flog culprits 'through three towns.' They were bound to the tail of a cart and lashed with a two-handed implement with lashes of twisted cord and catgut '... ten stripes in Boston — the same in Roxbury — and the same in Dedham.' The particular atrocity of flogging from town to town was inaugurated when the magistrates discovered that, in the winter-time, their victim's wounds would freeze between towns, and the torture of opening them was so agonizing that sometimes they died — wherefore the world was rid of a Quaker.

There was a family named Southwick in Boston who were fined for non-attendance at church. Then, for harboring Quakers, they were beaten and imprisoned. While they were in jail, their cattle were sold to meet their debts. And when they were released, they were ordered to leave town under pain of death. In vain they protested that they had nowhere to go. The poor creatures were driven to Shelter Island and there they died of hunger and exposure.

Meanwhile, their debt to the church was still unpaid (the fine imposed for non-attendance). And to raise this sum, the Puritans took sixteen-year-old Cassandra Southwick to the Common, to sell her for a slave. Whittier tells the story;

'Then to the stout sea-captains, the sheriff, turning, said, —
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid?

In the Isle of fair Barbados, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Boston was determined to rid herself of heretics, and one means was good as another. In England, in those days, Quakers were jailed by the thousand. And when they were liberated, they came to the New World, hoping to convert its people.

Anne Austin and Mary Fisher were the first to arrive. It was a sunny May morning in 1656, and Governor Endicott happened to be away at the time. So Richard Bellingham, the deputy-governor, took matters into his own hands. Before the poor women had so much as a cup of coffee, he had them arrested and locked up. Then, lest they proclaim their heresies to the crowd gathered outside, he ordered the windows of their cell boarded. He burned their books in public, and gave them nothing to eat but bread and water. Five weeks later, the boat on which they had arrived was sailing for Barbados, and Bellingham ordered the women bundled aboard.

Soon after their departure, Endicott came home and reproved Bellingham sternly. If *he* had been here, he said, he'd have had the hussies flogged!

Then the Federal Commissioners, with Endicott as their chairman, passed some dreadful laws. Quakers in Boston were to be flogged and imprisoned at hard labor. Upon the expiration of their sentences, they were to be banished. If they returned to the town, their ears were cut off. Upon their second visit, their tongues were bored with a hot iron. And, if they returned for the third time, they would be hanged. Endicott must have

thought lightly of capital punishment, because in his day there were fifteen crimes punishable by death — among them idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, 'presumptuous Sabbath-breaking,' and cursing or smiting one's parents. Of course they were not all enforced, the mere threat proving effective enough. And that may be the way Endicott felt about the Quakers. He said, in fact, he did not desire their deaths — but would not tolerate their presence.

Well, in September, there came to Boston three resolute Quaker souls — William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, and Mary Dyer, expressly to defy the cruel law. They were arrested, tortured, and banished. And back they came for more. Then their ears were cut off. Still they felt themselves under Divine command to resist their persecutors. Their spirits were so dauntless that not even a branding-iron could quell their ardor.

Their tortures went from bad to worse, until, on the 27th of October in 1659, they were dragged to the gallows on Boston Common. A hundred soldiers surrounded them, lest the people try to take them from the hangmen. Then the Reverend John Wilson stood at the foot of the gallows, and railed and scoffed, as the Roman soldiers jeered at Jesus.

The two brave men were hanged. But, as the halter was placed about Mrs. Dyer's neck, her son, who had come galloping from Rhode Island, dashed through the throng to beg her release. Upon his promise to take her away, a reprieve was granted.

Then the bodies of the two men were taken down, and thrown, uncovered, into a pit, for the Reverend Mr. Wilson refused them Christian burial. Young Dyer led his mother away, and the soldiers marched off, beating their drums.

But the next spring Mary Dyer returned to Boston, and on the first day of June she was led again to the gallows. With the rope at her throat, she was offered freedom if she would promise to go away and never return.

'In obedience to the will of the Lord I came,' she answered, 'and in His Name will I abide faithful unto death....' And so she died.

There had been more than a hundred people hanged when the gallows were moved in 1812 to a less conspicuous spot. Pirates, and Indians, and murderers, thieves, and witches. and highwaymen. And, last of all, poor Rachel Wall, who was hanged for stealing a bonnet. Rachel was our first Bolshevist. One day, strolling through the Common, she passed a lady with a bonnet swinging from her arm. Rachel, having none of her own, grabbed the bonnet and ran away. The owner testified that it was worth seventy-five cents. And they hanged poor Rachel for a highway robber.

Then there was Margaret Jones, America's first woman doctor. Mrs. Jones mixed a potion of anise seed and liquors that produced wonderful results: so wonderful that the magistrates suspected her of possessing imps. She was tried for being a witch, found guilty, and hanged from the limb of the biggest elm.

Executions provided vivid excitement and people came from far and wide. Some in boats, by the river; others on foot, and by horse. *Thousands* of them. Judge Sewall tells us that the day seven pirates swung on the scaffold, his wife, sitting in her orchard, a full mile away, could hear the women screeching.

Before being hanged, the criminals were paraded around the town and taken to the church, where they were preached at. Every Sunday, for weeks before the execution, they were dragged in carts through the streets, with chains about their ankles and handcuffs on their wrists, to be delivered at public meetings, where the ministers might discourse upon their sins. There was one poor wretch — Levi Ames, hanged for stealing — who was persuaded that he was to step from the gallows into heaven, and asked to be taken to old Meeting-House, to be lectured before he was 'turned off'!

A murderess was hanged on the Common once. And to the delight of the beholders she appeared in a beautiful white satin gown. Cotton Mather was scandalized at the hussy's effrontery, particularly when she bowed and smiled, and declined to be impressed by his sermon. The affair reminds us of the execution of Mata Hari, shot during the World War, for being a spy. Mata Hari was a valiant courtesan, and she faced the firing squad with roses in her arms and a smile on her lips. Executions now are somber affairs and seldom lightened by roses and smiles; but in the old days, they were festive occasions. The onlookers wore their best clothes and

had a beautiful time. And the murderess who swung in her satin gown carried flowers like Mata Hari.

Boston, in the old days, was not all romance and loveliness. There were good Governors, and bad ones, and, sometimes, rather stupid ones. And there was one who wouldn't let the people bathe on Sunday. 'The Centinel' commemorated that particular edict with a verse:

> 'Now our wise rulers and the law
> Say none shall wash on Sunday,
> So Boston folk must dirty go
> And wash them twice on Monday.'

Bathtubs were prohibited in Boston as late as 1842. It seems the medical authorities got together and discovered that cockroaches live in dirty water and die in fresh water. Wherefore the learned profession decided that bath-water was a menace!

In the long ago people were never allowed to ride or walk in the Common on Sunday. On week-days they could smoke, but only at one particular spot, near the bank of the Frog Pond.

Now the old elms are waving you welcome and the little paths open invitingly. If you would like to spend the rest of the afternoon walking about, you might pass Central Burying Ground, and cross the street to the Public Gardens, to see the pretty, behaved flowers that grow in polite plots. In tulip-time the Gardens are gorgeous, and lovely enough at any time. Be sure you see the Swan Boats. If you are having dinner in town, it would be pleasant to wander about for a little and then dine at Mrs. Shipman's on Carver Street.

Leave the Common at the foot of Long Path, cross Tremont, and there is Carver Street. To those of you accustomed to the broad thoroughfares of the mid-West, it may seem like an alley — but look for a swinging sign over a curved iron gate in a brick wall — and that is Mrs. Shipman's, with a garden in back that will make you think of Dr. Manette's in Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities.' A garden surrounded by high walls, with a flagged walk and trees... And you may eat in the candlelight of Mrs. Shipman's Colonial Dining-Room.

CHAPTER III

Beacon Hill

'I like a city that is worn and old,
Where stones are hollowed by the press of feet,
Where gables sag, and open doorways hold
A store of legends, where a narrow street
Will twist and turn before me leisurely,
And windows stare at me like tired eyes.
I know these cities and I love them well
Because they seem to me
Like men who grow more feeble yet more wise,
With nothing much to do, but much to tell.'

Do you like that sort of a city too? I hope so, because to-day we are going to see Beacon Hill, where every alley has a legend and all the stones are hallowed.

People say the Hill is like an English cathedral town. But it is not really like anything. It's the queerest, loveliest place in the city, brimming with charm and full of surprises. And there isn't a spot in all the world that's like it.

It isn't so very old, really. Its houses are not the earliest in the city. They are not even pre-Revolutionary, but of that splendid period that followed the war. There was money in Boston then, and men built well. Generous homes, full of comfort and a tremendous dignity.

Beacon Hill is so nice and mellow! Quite English and quite old-fashioned. The 'best families' live behind

these respectable red-brick façades. See their beautiful Colonial doorways and purple-paned windows. Half the aristocratic old maids in Boston live here — and did you know there are more spinsters in New England than in all the rest of the country put together? Those of social distinction still wear cotton stockings, and keep the most exclusive cats.

Old Hill gentlemen wear white whiskers, and carry green cloth bags full of books. And in the afternoon the old gentlemen and the literary spinsters go to the Athenæum for tea. And they have bouillon, or a pot of tea, cheese sandwiches, and sweet crackers for three cents. It was three cents a hundred years ago, and as it was in the beginning, so it shall be forever more, for customs seldom change on Beacon Hill.

There are two old sisters who live in a beautiful house that hasn't an electric light nor a gas stove nor a telephone in it. They eat by candlelight and read with old-fashioned oil lamps. And they wear the clothes of their youth. Long skirts and leg-o'-mutton sleeves, black mitts, and pansy bonnets. Shawls in the summertime and fur-lined capes in the winter. And they've funny tippets and dear little muffs. But the strangest thing is this: They've never set foot in an automobile, but they keep a horse, and every Saturday afternoon they drive sedately to the bookshop of the oldest publisher on the Hill — and buy the most sophisticated books of the week!

You must have heard of the purple window-panes on Beacon Street. There are many legends about them.

and none of them true. Some people believe that only Mayflower descendants are privileged to have purple windows in their houses, but that is obviously ridiculous. The real story is this: Sometime between 1818 and 1824 a shipment of glass arrived from England for some new houses on the Hill. It was ordinary window glass and was put in as usual. But, as years went on, time and sunlight wrought a marvelous change. A gradual chemical reaction transformed the colorless glass into a lilac hue that cast a lovely light. It tinted the curtains and the ceilings, and filled the rooms with a rosy glow. For nearly a hundred years the houses on the Hill were the only ones that had such beautiful windows. Everybody admired them, so that the manufacturers determined to duplicate the delicate shade. After years of experiment they succeeded in producing a similar glass. But it is woefully lacking in tradition, which is all that counts on Beacon Hill.

The houses that boast the original glass are at 39, 40, 63, and 64 Beacon Street, and 70B and 29A Chestnut Street. About the time they were built, an Englishman visiting Boston wrote, 'Their Houses like their Women are Neat and Handsome, and their Streets like the Hearts of their Male Inhabitants are Paved with Pebble.'

For years the people who live here have observed the loveliest seasonal traditions. At Christmas-time they go through the streets singing carols. And candles burn, on Christmas Eve, in every house on the Hill. In Louisburg Square they fling up the shades and draw

aside the curtains, so that everybody may look in, the night before Christmas.... In the spring, they put jonquils and tulips and gay little crocuses in their windows, to share with passers-by. And in the summer, they place dishpans outside their back doors with water in them, for alley cats that come from the tenements.

To see the Hill at its loveliest, you should come in the cool of the afternoon, when deep shadows fleck the tree-lined streets. Or at twilight, when the sun has set, and the river is bathed in golden light, and the sky is the color of tea roses, and the towers and steeples of Charles Street are solid purple against the clouds.

In order to plan our day properly, we must meet at the State House in the early morning when the Hill is at her very worst. I feel badly about that, because I want you to love Beacon Hill, and I wish you would promise to return later. This morning we are going sight-seeing, and it is impossible to savor charm when you must look for sign-posts. To thoroughly enjoy the Hill, you cannot come as a tourist. You must come leisurely and ramble about in comfort. Why, even people who were born here spend half their lives just strolling about. I knew an old lady who'd lived on the Hill all her life, and the day she died she said she'd never quite grown used to it.

In the old days there were three hills, instead of one, and the three were called Trimountain. In 1795 the State House was built. (We call it 'new' to distinguish it from our Old State House on Washington Street.) After the State House was built (designed by Bulfinch,

the greatest American architect), the town fathers decided it would look better if they were to shave off the other hills.

The one on the west was called Mount Vernon, and when they leveled it down, they filled in the river and raised Charles Street with its ruins. Then, in 1845, they went to work on Cotton Hill, over on the east side. There was a mill pond at its foot, and they shoveled the hill right into the pond, until eight acres of land rose out of the water. Later the Court House was built there.

Razing Cotton Hill was the biggest job the town had tackled. They hired one hundred and ninety pick-and-shovel men and sixty yoke of oxen. The laborers were paid eighty-three cents a day. And experienced ox-drivers, in from the country, were given twenty-six dollars a month and their board.

About that time Enoch Wines came from London to write his 'Impressions of America.' Upon his arrival in Boston, Mr. Wines went immediately to the State House, to see the view from its lofty dome. And that night he wrote his first article for the 'United States Gazette.'

'I speak soberly,' he declared, 'and without exaggeration, and such I believe to be the declaration that there are few views either in the new world or the old that can be compared to this.... I have visited many elevated points in the four continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and I declare that none of the prospects thus obtained are superior, and fewer still

equal, to that enjoyed from the State House at Boston.'

Now, Mr. Wines, don't you know, had been around a bit, and was a fair judge. But if you think he exaggerated, I would suggest that you visit the dome for yourself. In those days there were sunny pastures and orchards where there are now city streets, and cows meandered through districts that have become densely populated. Keep that in mind when you visit the Dome, and try to see the town as Mr. Wines saw it a hundred years ago.

But, before we go into the State House, I want you to see the statue on the lawn of Anne Hutchinson, whom men called 'the American Jezebel.' You remember Mrs. Hutchinson was put on trial in Boston for disparaging the ministers. And for two days that wicked clergy kept her on her feet, cold and hungry, plying her with questions. She was going to have a baby. She was ill and tired. But her brilliant mind and her sharp tongue were more than a match for them. Yes, she said, she had cast reproach upon the ministers — on all save Master Cotton. There was a wide difference, she thought, between their ministry and his. She admired Master Cotton, and loved him.

But Cotton ranged himself on the side of his order, against the woman who lauded him above his brothers. And Anne Hutchinson was banished from the Colony as 'unfit for good society.' Five years later, she was cruelly murdered by Indians, together with her children and servants — sixteen victims. (There is a splendid bio-

graphy of Mrs. Hutchinson called 'Unafraid,' which gives an admirable picture of her time.)

On the left of the green is the John Hancock tablet, marking the spot where Hancock's home used to stand. He was the first Federal Governor of Massachusetts, elected after the Revolution, and he lived in a grand house overlooking the Common. You remember the British soldiers trained on the Common, and one day Mrs. Hancock (Dorothy Q.) sent an indignant message to Earl Percy that the troops were keeping her awake at night whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' and disturbing her in the morning, racing their horses. 'I must have my beauty sleep,' said Dorothy Q. One Sunday, when Dorothy was sleeping late, her husband went out after breakfast, for a little walk — and was arrested for profaning the Sabbath!

The grounds about are very lovely, but if we are to follow our schedule we must be on our way. There are many things of interest in the State House, and if you have leisure, I would suggest that you ask a guide to show you about. But if time is precious and you must pick and choose, take an elevator directly to the State Library on the third floor — room 341 — to see the 'History of the Plimouth Plantation,' of which I told you yesterday. The original, grimy and worn, is kept in a glass case, but there is a facsimile if you care to study it.

Now there is another precious document to see. The Charter brought over by Winthrop is in room 438, on the next floor. You remember Winthrop and his band

were sent by the Massachusetts Bay Company in England, to found a colony in the New World. The land for their venture was conferred by grant of the King, and that grant is known as the Charter.

It would be too bad, since we are here, to miss the Hall of Flags and the Grand Marble Staircase, so let us see them quickly, and then leave by the back door. Across the grass plot is Beacon Monument, the highest point in Boston. When the settlers first came here, there were three hills and Beacon was the highest of all. Well, right here was the tiptop of Beacon Hill. (The whole place has been so reduced by grading that it is almost impossible to vision it as it used to be.) But here the settlers erected a tall stout pole, with a skillet at the top, and footsticks all the way up, so a man could climb. The skillet was filled with pitch and pine wood, and in case of danger, was set afire to warn people. One hundred and fifty years later a brick and stone pillar, designed by Bulfinch, replaced the ancient pole, which the British had torn down. Later still, when the hill was leveled, the Bulfinch Beacon was destroyed. But its tablets were preserved, and are built into the present monument.

Now look on your right, for Hancock Street, and walk down until you come to the foot of the hill. There, directly across the street, is the Harrison Gray Otis house, built in 1795, and the first real mansion in Boston. There were two requisites for mansions in those days. First, they had to have a servants' stairway. And, second, an upstairs drawing-room, so that

the family might, in true English style, 'go down for dinner.'

I hardly know what to say about this house. Personally, I find it depressing and rather horrid. There are radiators and ugly modern lights, and dusty things in glass cases. It has been completely denuded of its ancient splendor, and the work of restoration scarcely begun. It belongs now to the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, and I wish they would tear out those dreadful radiators and open the fireplaces. And hang damask in the windows, and cover the bare floors. Then, if they could furnish it in proper fashion, and make it look like a home instead of a musty museum — it would be perfectly beautiful, and I should love to take you there. But probably the Society hasn't money to do all that. And since it is the only mansion of the period still standing, you really ought to see it, though it's *not* nearly so grand as it ought to be.

In 1790, Harrison Gray Otis (who was a nephew of James Otis, the famous patriot leader) married Sally Foster, the prettiest girl in Boston. And five years later, for an anniversary gift, he built this house for Sally.

The seventeen-nineties were gay, rich days in Boston, and the Otises spent money like water. Harrison became an opulent gentleman, and wore gold-laced hats and powdered wigs and the gayest breeches and costliest waistcoats in town. And he had two young sons — Harrison Gray, Jr., and William Otis — the handsomest dandies in town.

The Otises built two other mansions when they'd tired a bit of this one, and had a place in the country, besides. They spent ten thousand dollars a year on servants, and goodness knows how much on clothes and entertainment. For two generations they were the most colorful family in Boston society, and they gave the best parties in America. Can't you see the cream-colored horses out front? Liveried footmen are helping beautiful ladies and exquisite gentlemen from canary-colored chariots. Here they come up the stairs to the drawing-room. Their silks rustle, and they talk with a stately courtesy. Their manners are so perfect! See the gentlemen bow and kiss the ladies' hands!... Oh, here is Mrs. William Otis, who was Emily Marshall — you know Emily Marshall?

Why, she is the greatest belle in American history. *Everybody* loved her — even Abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, who confessed he went to church merely to see Emily at her prayers. When she married young Otis, the Reverend Mr. Clarke, who attended the ceremony, declared that he had previously doubted the power of Mary, Queen of Scots, to make men die for her... 'But after seeing Emily I understand,' he said, 'that some women — perhaps one in each century — could really exercise such a power....' And William Amory claimed to be the most distinguished man in Boston — simply because he was *not* in love with her!

Poor Emily died in her twenties. And then Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, Jr., stepped into the limelight. They were sisters-in-law, and Harrison's wife had been

a famous belle and beauty, too. Eliza was her name, and very early she was left a widow. People said Daniel Webster was in love with her, and Henry Clay as well — and the women gossiped about her, because she was young and charming, and they were jealous. She opened a salon in her home, and her guests complained that the refreshments were terribly skimpy. It had been the custom to eat a very heavy dinner at four, followed about half-past seven by a huge supper. Mrs. Otis said this was barbarous, and offered, instead, cocoa and small cakes at her evening gatherings.

One of Mrs. Otis's favorite stories was about cocoa, and why French people never drank it. It seems that in the days of Louis XIV, cocoa was introduced in Europe, and the Court drank it and drank it, and thought it was delicious — until one of the ladies-in-waiting had a colored baby — and blamed it on the cocoa!

When the Civil War broke out, Mrs. Otis — no longer young — was still charming enough to sell kisses for five dollars each, to raise money for the Sanitary Commission. She was so patriotic that never during the War did she buy a new dress — and how she loved clothes! Look at her portrait here — that gown she is wearing had forty yards of purple velvet in it. By economizing on frocks, Mrs. Otis gave fifty thousand dollars for war relief.

If you would like to get a delightful picture of life before the Civil War, get Mrs. Otis's own book from the library — 'The Barclays of Boston.' Oh, yes —

Eliza was an author, too. And a dancer, besides. She was the first woman who ever waltzed in America. Her partner was the celebrated Papanti, a titled refugee from Italy, who organized a dancing academy to earn an honest penny, and Mrs. Otis was the first real lady who'd go. When that distinction wore off, Eliza went literary, and turned out the Barclays.

In the second-floor hall there is a large painting that may help you to vision old-time Boston, in the days when the ocean came up to Faneuil Hall, and the town was full of trees.

When we leave the house, we will cross again to Hancock Street, and walk uphill until we reach Mount Vernon, where I want you to stop for the view. Walk down now to Louisburg Square (pronounced with an *s*), and here we will stop for a few minutes, while I tell you about it.

There are twenty-two houses in Louisburg Square, and every time the trees in the Square are trimmed, the wood is divided into twenty-two little bundles and carried to their twenty-two cellars, to be burned in their twenty-two fireplaces. For nearly a century the people here have shared alike the blessings and expenses of their pretty park. The original Proprietors drew up papers agreeing to grass and fence a common plot, and bound all subsequent owners to keep it fresh and green.

Joseph Iasigi lived at Number 3, and he was a Greek with a great deal of money. He sent to Athens for a statue of Aristides the Just, and when it arrived he sent notes to all the neighbors, announcing that it would be

his pleasure to put Aristides in the Park if the idea was acceptable to them all. Well, they hemmed and hawed and appointed a Committee of Three to think the thing over. Whereupon Mr. Iasigi raised his offer. He would provide in addition a statue of Columbus, and he would put Aristides at one end and Colombo at the other, with a fountain in the middle. 'Excellent,' approved the Proprietors, who had felt a little unpatriotic about giving all the space to a Greek.

The Square, when Mr. Iasigi finished with it, was a great success. But the fountain attracted so many hoodlums that Columbus, one day, had his index finger broken. The boy who broke it was scared to death and threw it in the river. Then the Proprietors voted that no outsiders should be tolerated within the fence, and, to ensure enforcement, they received police authority from the city government. (Later the fountain was removed.)

Ever so many famous people have lived here. Bronson Alcott died at Number 10. Perhaps you do not know who Bronson Alcott was, but you surely know his daughter, Louisa. If you were a properly brought-up child, you laughed and cried over the adventures of her 'Little Women.' Well, Louisa's father was a dear old man, and very learned, indeed, but not at all practical. And the Alcotts were poor as church mice. Before Louisa grew famous, they lived at 20 Pinckney Street, in a terrible old house. Mr. Bronson Alcott was a lecturer, but he never made any money, and one cold December night he returned from a tour, with his over-

coat stolen and just one dollar in his pocket. Afterward, he lectured one night in Cleveland, and the people there, having heard how dreadfully poor he was, made a house-to-house canvass with tickets. And they raised three hundred dollars, which was a great sum in those days — especially for the hungry little Alcotts. Mr. Alcott was so pleased! He smiled and beamed and wiped the tears from his glasses.

'Thank you, thank you, my friends,' he said. 'In Buffalo I saw a valuable set of books that I very much desired, but had no money to buy. Now I shall return to Buffalo and purchase them.'

Louisa was so ill at the time of her father's death that the family decided not to tell her. They buried the old man very quietly, and when they came back to the house, Louisa had died.

Thinking of happier things, let us look at Number 20, Louisburg Square, where Jenny Lind was married. Did you know that Barnum the circus man brought Jenny to this country? He had never seen or heard her. But he offered to pay all her expenses, and the expenses, also, of a secretary, a traveling companion, and a maid. He promised to pay her pianist $25,000, and her baritone $12,500, with their expenses besides. And, on top of everything, he guaranteed Jenny $175,000.

Jenny signed the contract. And Barnum flooded the country with propaganda. For a whole year he broadcast publicity. He christened Lind 'The Swedish Nightingale.' He said she was the most beautiful woman in the world and had the sweetest voice. She was tired, he

said, of the gay life of a singer and gave her money all to charity. Europe worshiped her — and now she was coming to America.... And, when a year had passed, she came. Americans were so eager to see her, they mobbed the steamer on which she arrived, and marched, twenty thousand strong, upon her hotel.

Then Barnum — great Show Man — took his Swedish Nightingale by the hand and led her to the balcony. The Incomparable Jenny! When she sang in Boston, seats sold for fifteen dollars, and a thousand people paid a dollar each for standing room, and were packed like sardines, to hear her.

Jenny fell in love with her accompanist, Otto Goldschmidt, and they were married here on Saint Valentine's Day at the home of Samuel Ward, Boston representative of Baring Brothers, the prima donna's London bankers. (Mr. Barnum, by that time, had tucked away $500,000 profit from Jenny's tour.)

Do you remember when 'Vanity Fair' was filmed some years ago? Mrs. Fiske chose Louisburg Square as the setting for Becky Sharpe's marriage in London. They took down the sign that says 'Louisburg Square,' and put up one that said 'Russell Square,' and not even an Englishman could have told the difference.

Most of America's famous men of letters have lived, at some time, on Beacon Hill. I could show you a hundred places, and say, 'William Dean Howells lived here; Thomas Bailey Aldrich there; Thackeray stopped here and Dickens there'... but you would get so tired poking around, and it wouldn't, really, mean so very

much. It is better, I think, to feel the spirit than vex your soul with number plates.

At the foot of the hill is Charles Street, all noise and trucks and antique shops. If you are a collector, or a shopper, you will love this street, so full of fascinating stores and pretty tearooms. There are excellent places to eat, and one of the best is the New England Kitchen. But for sentiment's sake, it will be pleasant to lunch at the Blaxton Coffee House.

William Blackstone (or Blaxton) was the first Bostonian. When Winthrop and his followers landed in Charlestown, across the river, there wasn't any decent drinking-water there. Blackstone had drifted to Boston from some earlier settlement, and was living here alone. He was thirty-five at the time, and a bachelor. He had a big white bull, broken to bit and bridle, and he rode him wildly up and down the beach in the moonlight. (The river came up here in those days, and all about us were woods and swamps, filled with deer and otter.) Blackstone liked rum and Indians, and hated Puritans. But when the Red Men told him that the Pale Faces across the river were dying of thirst and hunger, Blackstone straddled his bull and went to investigate. He brought John Winthrop here and showed him an excellent spring and extended his hospitality to all the Colony. Naturally Winthrop was delighted. He had the frame of his new house in Charlestown carried across the river and bought the Common from Blackstone for thirty pounds. Blackstone had bartered with the Indians, and acquired by honest purchase one hundred

and seventy-five acres, which he turned over to Winthrop. Then — poor man — he quit the Colony and went to Rhode Island, since he had no use for Puritans and much preferred Indians. Blackstone lived in a thatched hut somewhere on the Hill, but right here was his apple orchard. He had brought little trees from England and nursed them so carefully that when Winthrop came they were bearing. The hermit was a generous man and gave his sweetings all away. So that now the lady who owns the Coffee House that stands where the orchard used to be, also gives Blackstone apples away.

If you eat here, notice the portrait over the fireplace of John Freak, who was the first man in America to entertain his friends at a public eating-house. And, lest you feel too badly for the bachelor-hermit, I must tell you that, by and by, Blackstone returned to Boston and married a widow, and lived in Milk Street on the site of the house where Franklin was born.

After luncheon we will cross Charles Street to Brimmer Street. We have talked so much to-day of famous *old* Bostonians that I am sure you would like to see the home of a *young* one. Commander Richard Byrd, when he isn't exploring, lives at Numbers seven and nine. He has four beautiful children, a lovely wife, and one of the most handsome homes in town.

Now we are going to walk along the Esplanade until we come to Berkeley Street, where we will turn left to Beacon, to see the Fuller mansion at Number 150. One remembers Fuller as the Governor who refused to inter-

fere in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Half the world approved, while the other half censured — and the Governor became a person of international interest. His own life is one of the romances of business. In his youth he was very poor and ran a little bicycle shop. With the advent of the automobile he proved himself an opportunist and bought an agency. Now he is a multimillionaire and renowned as a patron of the arts.

Take any street on the left to Commonwealth Avenue, famous for its grassy park and beautiful trees. The streets bisecting the Avenue are all alphabetical — A for Arlington; B for Berkeley; C for Clarendon; D for Dartmouth —— Turn down Dartmouth Street to Copley Square. And stand here while I point out a few landmarks.

Across is the Copley Plaza, a splendid hotel and an excellent place to eat. To the left of the hotel is Trinity Church, where Phillips Brooks preached. Phillips Brooks came to Trinity in his youth, a handsome bachelor of thirty-three — poet, orator, and philosopher. He was a social lion among the élite and an angel to the poor. It is fifty years since Brooks wrote his sweetest song, but every Christmas Eve, on Beacon Hill, the carolers sing it in his memory:

'O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by...'

On your right is the Old South Church with its famous swinging spire. Most people think it is a very unusual

thing for a stone spire to sway in the wind. As a matter of fact, they *all* do (though hardly anybody will believe it). Strassburg Cathedral has the highest granite spire in Europe, and it rocks in a gale like a cat-o'-nine-tails. A man can shake it, so that the movement is shown in a vessel of water seventy feet below. And higher up the vibration is like an earthquake. In a wind it will swing back and forward nine feet. Perhaps this is not the place to discuss the mechanism of vibration. But it is interesting to know that Oliver Wendell Holmes said he supposed Bunker Hill Monument bent in the blast like a blade of grass. If that is true, the Old South spire has no claim to fame.

Now we will cross the street to the Boston Public Library. The splendid bronze gentleman in the lobby is Sir Harry Vane, boy-Governor of old Boston. Sir Henry, when he was only twenty-four, succeeded Winthrop, our first Governor. He was bold and handsome, and the most dashing man in all the Colony. But he got himself in wrong when he sided with Anne Hutchinson against the ministers. He returned to England, suffered imprisonment through his rival Cromwell, and on the restoration of the Stuarts, was beheaded by Charles II. Handsome Harry they called him. Women loved him and men were jealous of him.

Halfway up the marble stairs look from the windows at the lovely court below. The staircase paintings are by Puvis de Chavannes, who calls them his Muses of Inspiration. A card on the balustrade will explain their allegorical significance. There is one that amuses me

(though I suppose it is not meant to be amusing), depicting Electricity, with tidings of Good and Evil flying along telegraph wires.

Now go to the Delivery Room (that sounds obstetrical, but it only means the place where books are delivered to borrowers). It makes no difference whether you know art or not — you will love the Abbey paintings, all flaming crimson and gold and royal purple, glowing in 'that fierce light which beats upon a throne.' Abbey has painted the adventures of Galahad the Spotless in quest of the Holy Grail. Ask at the desk for a card on which Henry James recounts the legend, and follow the paintings with James's story in your hand.

Now — on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays — from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, you may visit Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace. The admission on week-days is twenty-five cents, and on Sunday you may go for nothing. During August the Palace is closed for the entire month, and it is also closed on holidays. If this happens to be a day you may not go, I'd suggest that you visit, instead, the Art Museum. In either case, get a Huntington Avenue car outside the Library. The Palace and Museum are near together — about ten minutes from here. Afterward, wander through the Fenway by Muddy River with its pretty ornamental bridges. And, if you are tired, rest on a shady bench by the side of the stream.

If you can, I would advise spending an entire day at the Museum. (It is closed on Mondays.) You may have luncheon there — and a very good luncheon too — for

only sixty cents. In the last chapter there are suggestions for a more comprehensive visit, but if you will not have time for that, you might stop a few moments on your way to Mrs. Gardner's. And, since you must pick and choose, I would suggest going directly to the American rooms. These rooms depict the pleasant, comfortable living of generations from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. Some of them are furnished in the fashion of the Otis mansion in the days of its magnificence. A clever lighting arrangement sends synthetic sunshine slanting across old pewter and polished pine. Notice particularly the gorgeous scenic papers and the walls of paneled beauty. And see the darling cupboard painted robin's-egg blue. Most of the rooms have been moved bodily from old houses. Cards on the wall tell their history and give an account of the furnishings.

Leaving the Museum, look back at Cyrus Dallin's bronze Indian — The Prayer to the Great Spirit. A majestic figure, brave and fine.

Walk now along Huntington Avenue to Museum Road, the first on your right, and through a bit of Fenway to Mrs. Gardner's. The proper name is The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, or Fenway Court. But everybody in Boston calls it Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace.

For years and years Mrs. Jack scandalized society. She was reckless, witty, and gay. Not a pretty woman, but a fascinating one, with curves, and red hair, and arms that artists loved to paint. In the early eighties Boston was rather a provincial city, and life was simple.

Boston's jaw dropped — Boston's eyes bulged — when Mrs. Gardner drove out with *three* liveried men on her carriage. Her dresses were lovelier than any one else's. Her jewels brighter. And her stories naughtier.

She had two enormous diamonds named 'The Rajah' and 'The Light of India,' set on springs so that they waved above her forehead like antennæ. And she wore her pearls around her waist, instead of her neck.

Be sure you see Sargent's portrait with the pearls at her waist. Mrs. Gardner was forty-eight when that portrait was done, and Sargent was scarcely thirty. To accentuate the lines of her figure, he tied a black shawl tightly across her hips, letting the ends hang down in front. And he posed her to show the fame of her figure, her neck and arms. When the portrait was exhibited, it created so much talk that Mr. Gardner, infuriated by certain comments, declared it should never be exhibited again as long as he lived. Out of respect for his wishes, the Palace room where the picture hangs was closed while Mrs. Gardner lived, although she directed that it should be opened after her death.

No woman in society was ever so maligned as Mrs. Jack. She had a penchant for gifted youths. Under her eye they developed into artists, novelists, poets, and geniuses of all sorts. And, naturally, they danced attendance upon her and sang her praises day and night. Which made all the other ladies jealous.

Mrs. Jack's motto was 'C'est mon plaisir' (It is my pleasure), which is a fine, courageous sentiment, but lays a lady open to gossip. On a shield designed for her

Palace she placed a phœnix, emblem of immortality, and above it her motto: 'C'est mon plaisir' — the reason and (in her opinion) the justification for all she did.

Mrs. Gardner loved fine paintings and precious antiques, and gathered them during her world travels to make her home more beautiful. As she grew older, she spent almost all her money buying works of art. She was a very wealthy woman, but sometimes she had scarcely enough to eat. Tens of thousands for a canvas — and a few pennies for porridge.

In 1900, she decided to build a palace to house her treasures. She came here, broke the ground herself, and laid, with great ceremony, a cornerstone. First the walls went up. And, because Mrs. Jack was so mysterious about it, all Boston was interested. Reporters came every day and wrote columns for their papers. They called the wall 'the weirdest ever conceived by whim of woman.' Mrs. Gardner clambered all over the place accompanied by a handsome Italian named Bolgi.

'I like him,' she said, 'because he is tactful and plays the cornet.'

When Mrs. Jack wished to summon her workmen, Bolgi would put the cornet to his lips — one toot for the mason, two for the steam-fitter, three for the plumber, four for the carpenter, five for the plasterer, six for the painter.

In four years the Palace was completed. On Christmas Day, 1904, the first midnight Mass was celebrated in her private Chapel. (Mrs. Gardner was very, *very* High Church. And in her will she instructed her heirs

to attend Mass here twice a year — at Christmas and on her birthday.)

Here, in the very midst of winter, is a summer garden, full of fragrance and color. At Christmas there are roses blooming. At Easter there are lilies. From September until June the garden is lovely as a dream. At mid-morning, and in the afternoon, a singer steps from the gallery to the balcony, and the air is filled with music.

From 1903 until Mrs. Gardner's death, Fenway Court was opened to the public one afternoon a week. The price of admission was one dollar, and the number of tickets was limited to two hundred. The proceeds were for charity.

In 1924, Mrs. Jack died. She was eighty-five, dauntless and brave as ever. She died as she had lived — theatrically. On her last day she prepared for her funeral. And when she died, her body was carried to her Spanish Chapel, and covered with a purple pall. On the wall at her feet a black crucifix was hung. On either side of the coffin stood tall candlesticks, with candles burning day and night. And between them were two prie-dieux, where nuns knelt in constant supplication. Prayers for the dead were read. And Mass intoned. For four days and nights the mistress of the Palace lay in queenly state. At her side knelt priests and sisters, telling beads and chanting litanies for the repose of her soul....

Unto the very end Mrs. Jack planned dramatically. When the funeral was over, her will was read. By it she established her Palace 'as a Museum for the educa-

tion and enjoyment of the public forever.' It was her last and finest gesture.

For ten cents you may buy a little catalogue to increase your enjoyment of each precious piece. Look for the Sargent portraits of Mrs. Jack and the group of family portraits: Mrs. Gardner, by Zorn. Her husband. Her grandmother. And her great-grandmother. And see the 'Rape of Europa' by Titian, pronounced by Rubens, 'the greatest picture in all the world.' The room called the Little Salon is where Mrs. Gardner poured at her 'at-homes,' and the chairs are arranged exactly as she left them. In the Veronese Room, look at the ceiling, taken from an old Venetian palace of the sixteenth century. See the precious Madonnas and the choir stalls, and the Chapel window, and the tapestries. Don't bother too much with the catalogue. But try to see Mrs. Jack kneeling at prayer in the Chapel. Or receiving her guests on a golden throne. When she was ill, they carried her about these rooms in a gondola chair from Venice. And, when she was very, *very* old, she sat in the garden with her decrepit old dog Roly.

'I've lived long enough,' she said. 'It is time to die.'

The places we've been to-day must have been the very ones an English girl chose to see, because 'Punch' published a little poem with an explanation that when the author returned from Boston she wrote her impressions thus:

Boston is a nice town
With trees along the street,
And a garden in the middle
Where all the roads meet;

There are very pretty houses
With very pretty doors.
And you can see the river
From the upper floors.

The folk who live in Boston
Are pleasant and polite,
The little girls all curtsy
When they say Good-night;
They have darling painted china
And solemn painted clocks,
And pictures of their grandmothers
Dressed in satin frocks.

There's a splendid fairy palace
Where any one can go,
All built about a courtyard
Where lovely flowers grow;
Every one in Boston
Was very kind to me;
And I'd baked beans for breakfast
And ice cream for tea.

CHAPTER IV

Marblehead and Salem

It would be delightful to spend a whole day in Salem. A week-end in Marblehead. And a fortnight in Gloucester. If you have a summer in New England, you will surely do something of the sort. But for those who have neither time nor money to squander, it is comforting to know that all three may be seen in a single day.

You cannot, of course, loiter on your way. You must gallop through Salem's fascinating museums. You will not have time for Dogtown in Gloucester nor John Hays Hammond's gorgeous palace. But, if you get started good and early, you may have an hour in Marblehead, an afternoon in Salem, and still save the end of a perfect day for Gloucester. Gloucester is mostly scenic. You needn't dash madly to old houses and museums, for there is nothing particular to see. Only the ocean and the rocks — the most gorgeous rocks that ever were. And beyond them the sea. Then there is the artists' colony — quite picturesque, if you go in for artists. But if you want to visit Hammond's Castle and browse a bit in Dogtown, you must return another day.

You can go by train if you have no car. Get a Boston and Maine time-table and plan your schedule. Or go on a sight-seeing bus. Perhaps you think buses are insidious social evils. But in Boston they are luxurious affairs,

with competent conductors and excellent drivers. You may object to traveling in a herd, but if you are tired of driving your own car, a bus provides a comfortable change. Besides, man is a gregarious animal, and possibly you *like* a herd.

If you motor from Boston, go over Cambridge Bridge, as the buses do: a white bridge with a beautiful view, loveliest at sunset or in the moonlight. It was here Longfellow

> '... stood on the bridge at midnight,
> As the clocks were striking the hour,
> And the moon rose o'er the city,
> Behind the dark church tower.'

When the poet came to Harvard to teach, the first Mrs. Longfellow had died and he was very lonely. In those days the bridge was a wooden one — 'among the long, black rafters the wavering shadows lay,' and there were wooden piers and seaweed floating wide. It is all quite different now, but the moon will rise behind the same church tower, and clocks still chime at midnight.

The roads are so plainly marked that it is unnecessary to give directions. But let me caution you to take the shore route (No. 129). The other is inland, and takes you through miserable streets and humdrum towns. The signs you are to follow read 'North Shore via Revere.' Once on the Revere road, you go straight through to Lynn, and turn right, out of Lynn Square. Whenever in doubt, turn right, for always right will bring you to the ocean. From Lynn there is a beautiful sea-drive to Swampscott, where there is another of those

two-way signs. Take the right again, and if you like sweets, stop at the Cozy Corner House for delicious home-made candies. After you pass the New Ocean House, watch for the lovely rock gardens on either side of the street. Ex-President Coolidge established the summer White House at one of the big estates.

Now straight on to Marblehead. Before you is the spire of Stella Maris (Star of the Sea), a Roman Catholic church high on a hill. A sign points the way to Marblehead Neck, where every one goes to see the Churn. When Oscar Wilde came to America, they took him to Niagara Falls, and thought he would be thrilled to death. Mr. Wilde looked at the water, and toyed with the lily in his button-hole. (He wore Easter lilies, you know.) 'Isn't it *wonderful?*' they demanded. 'Wonderful?' he repeated. 'Why, what's to stop it?' Now, that is the way I feel about the Churn. It is a cleft in the rocks, where the ocean dashes in and out. At high tide, or after a storm, it is quite glorious. But at other times it is rather a tame affair, and nothing at all, to my mind, to get excited about. The view is very beautiful, but don't spend too much time, because you will see the same ocean — and lots more of it — at Gloucester.

That huge rock two or three miles out is Halfway Rock. And to this very day, the sailors of Marblehead toss coins in the ocean, as they pass it, to propitiate Fortune. Here is where the yachts, all white and shining, gather for the great regattas. Marblehead is the home of the Corinthian and Eastern Yacht Clubs, the

smartest in the world. Now follow on to Harbor Road, and return by a circuitous route to the village.

A gray sea-town is Marblehead, with gray houses crowding down to the harbor's edge. Not such very nice houses, most of them. But the windows are bright and shiny, and they've crisp white curtains. There are hollyhocks in every yard. And close by the doors the purple lilacs bloom. (Lilacs in May — and hollyhocks in July.) All the gardens are old-fashioned and bewitching, and posies bloom in boats and buckets everywhere.

There were pirates off these shores in the old days. Dark fellows with great mustaches and a price on their heads. Men of Marblehead, instead of hanging them, welcomed the scamps, and gave them grog to drink and pigtail tobacco to smoke. And they caroused together, hatching machinations against the customs officials. Even the women were hoodlums. You remember the way they treated old Floyd Ireson. Whittier tells us about it.

'Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,...
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!'

It seems that Skipper Ireson sailed away from a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay.

'Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own towns-people on her deck!

"Lay by! Lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and the rain!'

Well, the women — 'mother and sister, wife and maid — looked from the rocks of Marblehead,' watching and praying for the safe return of their sailor men. When Skipper Ireson's ship put in, they ran to the wharf, for news. And Ireson's men told them of the Skipper's sin. Then

'Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray;...
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound;
Hulks of old sailors run aground.
Shook head and fist, and hat, and cane.'

And the women took Floyd Ireson. And they threw tar on him, from his head to his feet, and rolled him in feathers.

'Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Shipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"'

They were fisher wives, you see, with a dialect of their own. And vengeful dames as ever lived. They dragged Ireson to the Salem boundary line, where they were for-

bidden to go farther. And then they carted him back again...

'And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.'

People in Marblehead say Whittier was a scandalmonger. And his poem only half true. The Skipper, they claim, had been on the bridge for thirty-six hours and had turned in for some rest. The distress signal from a sinking wreck had been reported and Ireson gave orders to rescue the crew. But once he was below, his men, with their wives waiting for them after months at sea, swore they would not stop. And they took their vessel in. When they reached shore, they said Ireson had made them abandon the sinking ship. And when the women heard the lie, they swarmed aboard and laid hands on the Skipper and wreaked their dreadful vengeance with burning tar and feathers.

A prettier story of old Marblehead is the romance of Agnes Surriage and Sir Harry Frankland. Agnes was the orphan daughter of a sailor lost at sea: as sweet and fair a girl as ever lived. Sir Harry was His Majesty's Collector of the Port for Boston, handsome, and rolling in wealth.

One day Sir Harry, with his handsome equipage, arrived in Marblehead, to call on Moll Pitcher. Mrs. Pitcher was a fortune-teller, and if she had lived a century earlier, people would have called her a witch, and hanged her, I think. For over fifty years she was an international rage. She made predictions that were fulfilled to the letter. She foretold the doom of ships.

She knew of love and death. And the crimes of the wicked. And her face was sad as the Martyred Mother's, for she saw too far into sin and sorrow. The house where the wizard woman lived — and her grandfather before her — is called the Old Brig. It stands now, as it stood when Moll was born. And that is the house Sir Harry came to visit the day he first saw Agnes Surriage. He spent the afternoon with Mrs. Pitcher, and went for the night to Fountain Inn. The Inn is gone, but its site is known as Fountain Park, a beautiful spot on top of a rocky hill.

On the following morning, Sir Harry, from his casement window, caught sight of Agnes, down on her lovely knees, scrubbing dirty steps! Harry had plenty of money and a romantic spirit. And Agnes was much too pretty to be a scrub girl. She should go to school and learn to be a lady!

Sir Harry went shopping and bought a sprigged polonaise. Long drawers trimmed with lace. A flannel petticoat, and an under-petticoat three and a half yards wide. An over-petticoat with three starched flounces, and two muslin petticoats, besides. Then he bought a dear little bonnet. A Paisley shawl. And the tiniest shoes in town. That was what stylish girls wore in those days. Five petticoats for every day, and more for best.

Agnes was delighted, and kissed Sir Harry warmly when he said she might go to Boston to school. She was only fifteen at the time.

When they met again, Agnes had blossomed into a lovely woman, with pretty manners and a fine mind.

Harry fell head over heels in love. But he never could forget that he was an English gentleman, and Agnes a sailor's daughter. So — instead of marrying her — he built a great house in Hopkinton, and filled it with servants. And sent Agnes there. And told the neighbors she was his ward. Well, you know what neighbors are. They snubbed the poor girl so that Harry took her off to Portugal where people wouldn't talk. And there they lived quite happily until the great earthquake of 1755, when Sir Harry was buried under a fallen wall. Agnes dug him out all by herself, though the labor almost killed her. Harry was badly hurt, but owed his life to his sweetheart. And in gratitude, he married her and made her the Lady Frankland.

If you are tired of romances and legends, you might like to see a thoroughly genuine canvas — the original 'Spirit of '76.' All your life you have seen chromos and lithographs, and now you may look upon the real thing. Ask any of the towns-people to direct you to Abbott Hall. The color of the painting is said to be very bad. (Perhaps it got that way from being so stared at by sightseers.) But there is a real thrill in seeing those three figures marching ever forward. Youth and old age, shoulder to shoulder in defense of American liberty.

There is a nice old mansion in town, if you feel like visiting. Colonel Jeremiah Lee built himself a grand house before the Revolution. He was owner of a trading vessel, and for ballast his ship carried treasures home from every port on God's blue seas. The mahogany in the staircase came from the West Indies. The marble

tables from Naples. There were mosaics from Africa. Precious tiles from Spain. And many Oriental treasures. For the Colonel's boat carried ballast worth a king's ransom. The place has little of its ancient glamour. But there is a fine Colonial hall, and the stairway is of noble width, with a wonderful beehive window, and a seat on the landing.

It is considered proper to exclaim over the hall wall-paper, which came from London long, long ago. Personally, I think it is dreadful. But one should, really, admire it. Experts say it is 'magnificent.'

When the mansion passed from the possession of the Lee family, it became the property of the Marblehead Bank, and for one hundred and five years (until 1909) it was used as a bank. The Colonel's study, paneled in mahogany, was the directors' room. And clerks and cashiers slept in the upstairs bedrooms!

Stand in the lower hall, looking up the staircase, and see if you can picture Lafayette, who stood on the landing and made a speech to a group of distinguished ladies and gentlemen. It was a very grand affair, and when it was over, Lafayette drove through the town to receive the plaudits of the towns-people. There is a house down the street a bit, that looks as if the front of it had been sawed off. People say that it was cut away to make room for Lafayette's carriage, but that is not true. It is just a funny house — that's all.

Perhaps you will find many things to interest you in the Colonel's mansion. But all I cared particularly about were the portraits on the back stairs. You re-

member I told you that one of the essentials of a mansion was a servants' staircase. Well, the Marblehead Historical Society, having no better place for their precious portraits, has hung them on the servants' stairs! Brides and matrons — and a parson — seamen, and captains, and marchants — ancestors all of the people of Marblehead.

There is no particular reason for visiting Town Hall. But you should know that Marblehead has its 'Cradle of Liberty.' Town Hall is more than two hundred years old. John Glover, the shoemaker patriot, recruited nine hundred men in Marblehead, and their leaders met in the attic here, to lay their plans. Marblehead may have been a wanton among towns, but she had heroic sons, as many wantons do. When the Revolution ended, there were one thousand orphans and five hundred widows in this small town to ponder the price of liberty. More than half the town's heroes were killed. But the bravest of the brave came marching home again. Captain William Blackler boasted to the longest day he lived that it was he who commanded the boat in which Washington crossed the Delaware. The night was dark and stormy, and the ice-floes broken and crashing. When volunteers were asked to ferry Washington to the farther shore, it was Marblehead men who stepped forward. Only they, and no others. For none but sailors born, and men who knew the sea, could have rowed that mad river.

After Marblehead — Salem. You must plan to reach Salem before noon, or there will not be time to visit the

museums before closing time. The road is clearly posted, and the towns three miles apart.

Three things more than all others draw us to Salem — the weird fascination of the witchcraft delusion, the romance of the clipper ships, and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

First we will go to Gallows Hill and hear about the witches. Then it would be pleasant to lunch at the House of the Seven Gables, and we will talk of Hawthorne, who played there when he was a little boy. Afterward we can visit the museums. Now don't say you hate museums. Because — I don't care if all the rest do bore you — you're going to like the Essex Institute, and Peabody.

From grim Gallows Hill we look back toward the village. See, there goes Bridget Bishop! They're hanging Goody Bishop in the morning. When they brought her to trial to-day, she cast a look toward the Meeting-House and a demon entered it. There was a sound of splintering wood, and when the people rushed in to learn the cause, they found that a board that had been strongly nailed had been spirited to another part of the building. That settled poor Bridget.... They are witches, those women. They nurse black cats at their withered breasts, and tryst with the Devil at midnight. They blight the crops, and dry up mothers' milk. They ride through the air on broomsticks. And stick pins in little children.

One September day the hangmen strung eight old women on the limbs of the strongest trees. And the

Reverend Nicholas Noyes, who came to see them swing, looked with sorrow on their swaying bodies.

'What a sad thing it is,' remarked the Reverend Mr. Noyes, 'to see eight firebrands of Hell hanging from our trees.'

Perhaps. But it was even sadder to be hanging there. Salem hanged nineteen witches, and then varied the monotony by pressing Giles Corey to death.

Mr. Corey was a very old man, and stubborn. When they arrested him, charged with being a wizard, he refused to defend himself. So they took him to a cell, and laid him, naked, on his back ('... naked,' said the law, 'unless when decency forbids' — they were so modest — those Puritans!). Then they placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear, and more. And on the first day they gave him to eat 'three morsels of the worst bread,' and nothing more. And on the second day, 'three draughts of stagnant water.' And all the time he lay beneath a load of iron that crushed his bones and tore his flesh. Under the law, he could not be tried, except he plead in answer to the charge against him. And the old man closed his lips on his agony and uttered not a word, but endured his terrible anguish till death brought relief.

Salem was a small town in those days. There were only seventeen hundred inhabitants, and hundreds were accused of witchcraft. The horror began when the Reverend Samuel Parris, in the winter of 1692, bought three West Indian slaves. Mr. Parris had a daughter, Elizabeth, a nasty little thing, nine years old. And

Elizabeth used to listen at the kitchen door when Tituba, the biggest, blackest slave, talked with the other two about the 'obeahs' (or witches) of the Indies. Elizabeth told nine of her very best friends what she had heard, and the girls met that winter in the parsonage and spent their evenings practicing West Indian magic. Crawling under chairs. Making dreadful noises. And talking the most ridiculous gibberish. Mrs. Parris told Mr. Parris that she didn't know what had got into the children, the way they were carrying on, fit to drive a body crazy. Mr. Parris called a doctor, and the children put on a most successful act. Growling and groaning, and biting the doctor's ankles.

'They are most plainly bewitched,' said the doctor.

Whereupon Parson Parris called in the neighbors, and they fasted and prayed, which did no good at all.

'Elizabeth,' besought her father, 'has the Devil bewitched thee?'

Then, all at once, the ten bad children shouted, 'Tituba! Osburn! — And Good!'... Thus began the damning accusations that ended in wholesale murder on Gallows Hill.

On February 29, 1692, warrants were issued against Sarah Good, Sarah Osburn, and Tituba. The two Sarahs were hanged and Tituba sold — though who would buy a witch I'm sure I don't know.

The Witchcraft Courthouse has been destroyed, but the 'Old Witch House' still stands. Judge Corwin lived in the house on the corner of North and Essex Streets. Tradition has it that the witches were taken there for

preliminary examination. Perhaps they were. At any rate, you may visit the house if you wish.

But vastly more interesting is the testimony in the witchcraft trials, which you may see at the clerk's office in the Superior Court. There is Bridget Warren's death warrant. And an array of rusty pins which Bridget was accused of using to torture the bewitched. There are the original records — two volumes of them. And you may hold them in your hands, and turn the pages centuries old. The testimony is incredible. The clerk's handwriting fine and clear. If you like thrillers, here is a priceless first edition. Read the examination of Rebekah Nurse, in the handwriting of the Reverend Mr. Parris whose daughter started the whole delusion.

Now we will walk along Chestnut Street, to see the stately homes of the Quality Folk. A hundred and twenty-five years ago rich merchants began building here. There was a rage in those days for doorways carved by John McIntire, who lived in town, and carved more beautifully than any living man. Observe these doorways carefully, for nowhere else in the world will you see a genuine McIntire. In the springtime the people put red tulips and purple hyacinths and daffodils in their windows. There is nothing of the fishing village about this town. Salem is an old aristocrat. While Marblehead trawled nets, Salem founded an aristocracy here on Chestnut Street. Her ship's owners and captains sailed the Seven Seas, and when they had seen all there was to see, they came home and built these mansions, and filled them with rare furniture, and lived

richly among their treasures. In decades past, Salem wharves were piled high with the glamorous products of barbaric lands. And the homes of the merchant princes were full of foreign beauty. Pale rooms, gay with gilded chairs and damask sofas. With white paneled walls, hung with lavender brocade. And furniture of light waxed wood with garlands of painted flowers. Screens embroidered in delicate bouquets. And girandoles, scrolled in ormolu and hung with crystal lusters. There were sandalwood chests for the ladies' China silks. Crimson lacquered wardrobes, for their Indian shawls. And teakwood boxes inlaid with mother of pearl, for their jewels.

If you have read 'Java Head,' by Joseph Hergesheimer, you remember how Gerrit Ammidon brought his Chinese bride to Chestnut Street, and how all Salem talked. Taou Yuen was her name, meaning Peach Garden. And she was no ordinary Chinese girl, but a Manchu, and the daughter of a noble. (Manchus do not live on rice. Nor bind their feet. Nor wear common clothes.) Taou Yuen wore splendid satins, and carved jades, and rich embroideries. And her face was enameled, and stained with carmine. And her lips were painted crimson.

Now, there was truly a little gay girl like a toy, who lived on Chestnut Street, and wore long satin gowns with embroidered bats and sapphire butterflies. And she fastened her coat with red jade buttons and tassels of pearls. And went walking through Salem Common, with apple blossoms and moonstones in her hair. Her Chinese

name was Changmei Hwa. But her American name was Mrs. Frederick Townsend Ward. And her husband was a god, and a general in the Chinese Army!

Ward was twenty-seven and a soldier of fortune when he met his bride in Shanghai and, forthwith, offered his services to the Imperial Government, to fight the rebel Chinee, and make the world safe for Manchus. With ten thousand soldiers he saved China. Men called his little army the 'Ever Conquering Legion,' and they fought on land and sea. For three years the young American was the hero of China. Then at Tsz Ki he was shot in battle. And, when he died, the Emperor built two temples in his memory. His grave soon became a shrine, invested with miraculous power. Coolies came from far and wide, and knelt and prayed, and begged favors. So many miracles took place that the wise men of China solemnly declared the General to be a joss or god. The manuscript of this imperial edict is in Essex Institute, and the Chinese still worship Ward as a deity.

At Tsz Ki his statue stands, clad in a Mandarin's robe, and on it the Emperor ordered these words engraved: 'A wonderful hero from beyond the seas, the fame of whose deserving loyalty reaches around the world, has sprinkled China with his azure blood.'

In the Essex Institute you will find the Mandarin hat and the Court boots of the 'wonderful hero,' and the bullet that widowed Changmei. Her shoes are there beside her lord's big ones. Satin slippers just four inches long. And there are her necklaces, and the butter-

fly pins she wore in her hair, and the fretted crystal balls that swung from her ears.

Against her brilliant colors, her carved jade and embroideries, silver and apple blossoms, the women of Salem looked colorless in muslin and barège. Their decent bonnets screened their wholesome faces. And they were shocked by Changmei, with her heathen face all masked in paint. But they called, dutifully, as good women should, with their Paisley shawls about their shoulders, and their card-cases held in their mitted hands.

Chestnut Street has always been a great street for calling. To this day you cannot walk from end to end without wishing you knew some one to go calling on. So the owners, being hospitable people, keep open house occasionally on summer days. They dress themselves in the finery of long ago, and open their homes to strangers. For the trifling sum of fifty cents (given to charity) you may walk through a McIntire door, into a sea-captain's drawing-room. And if you don't think it is worth the price, let me tell you that the people on Chestnut Street raise ten thousand dollars in a single day when they keep open house!

If you cannot come to Salem on one of those rare days, you may comfort your soul by visiting Essex Institute, where there is much of great fascination. Nothing can evoke the charm of old Salem so vividly as her museums. But suppose we save them until after luncheon, and go now to the House of the Seven Gables.

The place, in Hawthorne's day, belonged to relatives

of his, and he spent many hours here. The garden, full of shade from the big trees, is filled with sea fragrance. We enter through the little door of Hepzibah's Penny Shop, and the tiny bell tinkles to-day as it tinkled then. You may climb the secret staircase to Clifford's room, looking out on the sea and on the garden. And when you come down the front stairs, there is the parlor, where the old Judge was found dead. Hawthorne's portrait, painted when he was a young man, hangs here. He was very handsome, and so romantic-looking that it is difficult to credit the tales of his shyness. They say that when he was a young man he was so bashful that he seldom went out except at twilight or after dark — and then no farther than the seashore. Even after he was famous, some one, writing of his appearance at a public gathering, said, 'He has the look all the time of a rogue who finds himself in a company of detectives.'

This afternoon, at the Essex Institute, you may see the desk at which Hawthorne worked at the Salem Custom-House, where he was a most unhappy clerk. In the desk, the young man stuffed sheets of a manuscript upon which he scribbled in his spare moments. One day James T. Fields, the publisher, calling in town, dropped in to see Hawthorne, and asked, encouragingly, what he had been doing.

'Nothing,' responded the young man gloomily. 'Who would publish a book by such an unpopular author as I?'

'I would,' retorted Fields promptly.

Then from a drawer Hawthorne took the manuscript

of the 'Scarlet Letter,' the greatest of all American stories.

'You won't like it,' he said, and gave it up reluctantly.

Fields hurried back to Boston, and sat up the whole night to read it through.... You know Hester Prynne, handsome and haughty, a gentlewoman of English birth, was married to a deformed scholar whom she did not love. She went alone to Boston, and met Arthur Dimmesdale, a young clergyman. And they fell in love with one another. Then Hester had a child. And, when it was born, she was condemned to stand in the pillory, holding the baby in her arms. And forever afterward she was compelled to wear upon her breast the scarlet letter *A*. Then Dimmesdale was torn with dread and despair. And his anguish filled Hester with deeper pity and stronger love. You remember how he died in the arms of his beloved. And then Hester knew that while she had worn her shame outwardly, Dimmesdale's anguish had eaten into his flesh. For, when he was dead, she saw upon his chest a cancerous *scarlet letter*.

If you are very fond of Hawthorne, you may wish to see his birthplace at Number 27 Union Street (a very commonplace house), and the house where he grew up on Herbert Street, the rear of which joins the birthplace. Of the house on Herbert Street, Hawthorne wrote: 'If I should ever have a biographer, he ought to make mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because here my mind and character were formed. By and by, the world found me in my lonely chamber.' And, later, of the little southwest bedroom, he wrote, 'In this dismal chamber

Fame was won.' Both houses are drab and ugly. If I were you, I should forget them, I think, and hurry to the Essex Institute.

As you go up the Institute staircase, see the painting of the 'Trial of George Jacobs,' who was hanged as a wizard. Mr. Jacobs, on his knees, protests his innocence. Hysterical women, writhing and having fits, are giving evidence against him. To-day we should say they had violent inferiority complexes, which compelled them to seek attention. But in those days the judges believed the wretched creatures were bewitched. On the floor lies Jacobs's cane. Upstairs, in a glass case, you may see that very cane. Poor Jacobs carried it to court, and to Gallows Hill, the day he died.

There are many paintings in the Institute, and I should love to tell you stories of the men and women who sat for them. Look for those of General Ward. One of them was painted by a Chinese artist. And be sure you see Alexander Hamilton, by Trumbull. The Library of Congress offered an enormous fortune for that painting, but Salem retorted that if it was worth a fortune to Washington, it was worth just as much to her.

If you would see Salem in the heyday of her youth and glory, look on all sides. From the walls the merchant princes gaze down upon you. Their wives smile serenely from gilded frames, and their eyes follow you, as you wander about. Here are the dishes from which they ate, and the chairs on which they sat. Here are the Paisley shawls they wore, and the ivory card-cases their husbands brought home from China. Their little patch-

boxes are here, and their fans. And their stays! And the bonnets and christening robes their babies wore.

Near by is an interesting collection of mourning rings, given at funerals in wealthy families to relatives and important persons in the town. When Dr. Samuel Buxton died in 1758, he left his heirs a quart tankard brimming full of mourning rings. And the Reverend Andrew Eliot had a whole mug full. At one Salem funeral over two hundred rings were given away. At Waitstill Winthrop's bier sixty rings, worth a pound apiece, were distributed to his closest friends. The expenses of Mr. Winthrop's funeral, by the way, amounted to three thousand dollars, which was one fifth of his entire estate.

There was a particular vogue in Salem for these mourning rings. They are of gold, usually enameled in black and white, and frequently decorated with a death's head, or with a coffin with a full-length skeleton lying in it. Sometimes they hold a framed lock of the hair of the dead. And they are inscribed with touching admonitions, like 'Prepared be to follow me'; 'Death parts United Hearts'; and 'Death Conquers All.'

Besides giving rings to intimate friends, gloves were presented to almost everybody. At the funeral of Andrew Faneuil three thousand pairs were given away. Different qualities were presented to persons of different social circles, or varied degrees of acquaintance. In Plymouth there is the will of Samuel Fuller, who directed that his sister was to have gloves worth twelve shillings; Governor Winthrop and his children each a pair worth five shillings, and poor old Rebecca Prime a pair to cost no more than two shillings, sixpence.

Of course the minister was always given gloves. Andrew Eliot, of the North Church in Boston, kept a record of all he received, and in thirty-two years there were 2940 pairs. Mr. Eliot had eleven children, but even so they couldn't begin to wear them out, so the minister made an arrangement with the kindly milliners of his parish to sell them for him. During his pastorate, he increased his income thereby to the tune of $650, with a goodly sum for funeral rings, besides.

In the adjoining room are costumes of olden days. There is a bride's gown of rosy pink, and a bonnet to match. Her going-away gown was gray, and her best dinner dress was blue. Did you know that brides wore short face veils and that apple green was all the rage a hundred years ago? There are scores of quaint dresses, in colors that never fade. And a dolman and muff by Worth, made for the very smartest dame in Salem.

There are miniatures from India brought home by seafaring men. Exquisite things on ivory, proving that Indian ladies used to get undressed to have their pictures painted. Most of them also carried monkeys.

There is a perfect doll house, furnished with minute detail, and presented to some lucky little girl by an adoring grandpapa, home from the sea with his pockets full of gold.

If you are interested in old furniture, there is a splendid collection here. Notice particularly the heavy black three-slat chair with high-turned posts that belonged to Mary English.

Philip English was the richest shipowner of his time in

Salem, and his wife, a proud and aristocratic lady, was said to be a witch. She was arrested one night in her bed, but refused to rise or clothe herself until morning. At the usual hour, she attended devotions with her family, breakfasted with her children, and kissed them farewell. For six weeks she was kept in prison. And, being visited by a fond husband, he was also arrested. Both would have been executed if friends had not aided their escape, and helped them to refuge in New York. They remained in New York for twelve months. While there, having heard of the wants of the poor in Salem, they sent a vessel of corn for their relief, a bushel for each child.

That people of such solid standing should have so narrowly escaped death in the witchcraft fury proves that no class was spared. For the Englishes were the richest family in town, and Mrs. English the best educated woman in Salem.

When you have finished wandering through the Institute, go to the garden and visit for a moment the queer old seventeenth-century house, with its apothecary shop and penny shop out front, and its weave-room in the lean-to. About it grow the old-fashioned flowers of long ago — mignonette and pinks and heliotrope. Little pansy faces and common daisies in a row. Tall hollyhocks and shy forget-me-nots. Visit the rooms on the first floor. And then we must hurry to the Peabody Museum, a block away, on this same Essex Street.

In 1799, the sea-captains of Salem formed a unique institution known as the Salem East India Marine Society, its membership restricted to men who had

navigated the seas near the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn. The objects of the organization were to assist the widows and orphans of deceased members, and to form a museum of such curiosities as were to be found beyond the Capes of Good Hope and Horn. The first gift to the museum was from Captain Jonathan Carnes, who had brought any number of treasures home from Sumatra.

There is a fascinating story about Captain Jonathan (whose picture and gifts you may see). I suppose you didn't know that Salem was the port from which pepper was once shipped to all the world? Well, Captain Carnes was a canny soul who kept his weather eye peeled in strange waters and on strange shores. And when he saw wild pepper growing like grass on the coast of Sumatra, he bartered a cargo of brandy and gin and tobacco and dried fish for all he could store. Such a bonanza there never was! But Jonathan Carnes was dumb as a Salem harbor clam; and slipped away for the second time, before there was a vessel ready to follow him. In eighteen months he was back with 150,000 more pounds of pepper. And his profit was one thousand per cent of the total cost of vessel and voyage. There was no hiding the mystery from Salem merchants after that. By the time Carnes had made three pepper voyages, his rivals were at his heels. Then for half a century most of the pepper used in all the world was reshipped from Salem.

Strange cargo came sailing sometimes into port. One day the ship America, homing from Bengal, brought a strange and monstrous creature into Salem town. The strangest creature ever seen! Six feet, four inches tall,

with skin as black as your shoe. His tail hung one third of his length, naked as a rat's. And he ate bread and hay, and drew the cork from porter! The first elephant ever seen on American shores! And up he strolled, up Derby Street, crowded with carts and carriages, swinging his great trunk left and right. Rich ladies in fine silks fed him cake. School was dismissed, so that a thousand children, shouting with awe and joy, followed the beast all up and down the town. It was Captain Jacob Crowninshield who brought the elephant home, and sold him for ten thousand dollars.

Crowninshield was a gay young man, and all the girls in town were in love with him. See his picture in the gallery here (the second one, I think, on the left). A fine maritime sheikh, with a blue broadcloth coat and eyes as blue as the sea.

There were six Crowninshield boys, born of a seafaring father and grandfather. And this stalwart half-dozen Crowninshields one and all studied navigation when they were ten. At fourteen, they were common sailors. And when they were twenty, they commanded vessels of their own. Benjamin became Secretary of the Navy under Jefferson. Jacob was a Congressman, and declined a seat in Jefferson's Cabinet. George was the greatest dandy that ever was. He wore Hessian boots with gold tassels. His coat was wonderful in cloth, pattern, and trimmings, and his waistcoat was a work of art. He wore a pigtail, and a bell-crowned beaver hat — not an ordinary beaver, at all, but shaggy like a terrier dog. And he had the first vessel built for pleasure in America.

Cleopatra's Barge, he called it, and it was a nine days' wonder from Salem to the Mediterranean. She had Oriental hangings, plate-glass mirrors, and sideboards loaded with silver. The cook was the best in the world. The stock of wines was choice and abundant. And there were professional entertainers, to while away the time. See Captain George's picture and Benjamin's too.

Look, also, for Captain Nathaniel Silsbee, veteran mariner at nineteen, and a rough-and-ready surgeon, besides. Captain Silsbee had a colored cook, who froze his feet so that gangrene set in and necessitated an amputation of all his toes.

'Having neither surgical skill nor instruments,' wrote Silsbee, 'the operation was a very unpleasant one. But there was nothing to do but I must assume responsibility of cutting off his ten toes with a razor and a pair of scissors, which, in consequence of the feeble state of the cook's health, required two days to accomplish.'

Before he was thirty, this young Silsbee married George Crowninshield's daughter, and retired from the sea, a very rich man. Afterward he became United States Senator, along with Daniel Webster.

Every portrait here has a story, but we have time for only one more. Looking down on the glass case that holds his famous book and his instruments is Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, the greatest mathematician America ever had. See that shiny dome and great deep forehead. Wouldn't you know the man was all brain? At the age of seventeen, young Bowditch was studying Latin without a teacher, in order that he might read Newton's

'Principia.' And when he was old enough to vote, he was unsurpassed in mathematical attainments by any one in the Commonwealth. But he must earn his bread and go to sea, so in 1795 Nathaniel made his first voyage as captain's clerk.

When the boat arrived at Manila, the Captain was asked how he contrived to find his way in the face of the northeast monsoon by dead reckoning. He replied that he had a crew of twelve men, every one of whom could take and work a lunar observation as well as Sir Isaac Newton himself, if he were alive. While the Captain talked, Nathaniel, who had taught the sailors their navigation, sat as modest as a maid, saying not a word, but holding his slate pencil in his mouth.

All who sailed with Bowditch caught a zeal to learn. And the whole crew became captains, first and second mates. And they learned, also, under Bowditch's tutelage, to speak French, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish.

The 'Practical Navigator' is a living book to-day. Every seafaring youngster who aspires to an officer's berth has a copy in his kit, and the United States Hydrographic Office publishes a new edition every three or four years.

In this room are paintings and full-rigged models of the old clipper ships that brought to Salem the riches of the Indies, and carried her fame to the farthest ports on God's blue seas. Bravest, gayest ships that ever were. Far and wide they rode, and trimmed their sails and cast their anchors off lonely isles where no other ships dared go. And the seamen found strange people every-

where. Cannibals and pigmies and warriors. And, when they came home, they fashioned figures in wax, and clad them in native dress, and brought them here to the Hall of Ethnology. Here are the tools, weapons, and adornments of primitive peoples, gathered generations before their lands were ransacked by tourists and corrupted by European influence.

It is a hundred years since the heyday of Salem's high-hearted glory. Yet in the treasures left by seamen dead and gone — in the stately mansions they built — we find preserved the romance of the old clipper ship days.

About twenty-five years ago two Salem spinsters died. They were sisters, Mary and Eliza Ropes, and they lived in a beautiful old house, built in 1719. The Ropes were seafaring people, and when Sally Ropes married her cousin Joseph Orne, her father sailed to China, to buy her tableware for a wedding gift. In every port he touched, Cap'n Ropes bought his little girl a present. Sally was married in June, 1816, and after the ceremony, there was a reception in the garden, and every one in Salem went.

When the Misses Ropes died, they left a beautiful will, leaving Sally's house as a possession of the public forever and ever. And, because they loved the garden where Sally strolled in her pink satin wedding gown, they set aside a sum to keep the flowers always blooming. You may visit the house to see the wedding china and Sally's precious glass, and stroll in the old formal garden. There are shrubs around the borders, and masses of bright flowers in the central beds, and arbors

and seats, and fine old trees. Not a beautiful garden, as gardens grow these days, but sacred to the memory of Sally.

Sally, you see, loved flowers. And so Miss Mary and Miss Eliza set aside another sum for botanical lectures, to be given in her memory. Every January and February eminent instructors come to Salem to lecture on plants and flowers, which proves, I think, that the Ropes spinsters were the most romantic ladies in town.

CHAPTER V

Gloucester and Cape Ann

The road to Gloucester passes in quick succession through millionaires' resorts — Montserrat, Beverly, Pride's Crossing, and Manchester-by-the-Sea. Leaving Salem, look for the sign that points to Beverly. Fifteen miles away is Gloucester, and since this drive is one of the reasons for our trip, let me remind you again that, whenever there is a choice of two routes, take the right. Nowhere else along the Atlantic Coast is there a more beautiful seascape. Hildegarde Hawthorne, Hawthorne's granddaughter, has said that 'it is the principal reason for owning an automobile in America.'

Magnificent pines, high and black, march down the slopes on either side. And great houses hide in the woods. In Pride's Crossing is a beautiful garden and, sitting grandly on an eminence above the flowers, is a big house. It looks like a millionaire's home. But it is only the servants' quarters of the Frick estate. Across the street, so far away you can see only its immense and lovely grounds, is the master's house.

Our way unrolls a panorama of beauty, and we may forget signs until we near our journey's end. When, on the right, we read 'Magnolia,' turn down Raymond Street, and drive over the rise of a little hill until the ocean lies before us. This is one of the finest views on

the Cape Ann coast, surpassed only by the sheer glory of Bass Rocks (a few miles beyond). Here are smart little rich shops, patronized by the smartest women. Circle back toward the main road, and take Norman Avenue (sharp on your right) to the mediæval castle of John Hays Hammond, Jr. The castle is on Hesperus Road, off Norman Avenue. Beyond the rocky promontory on which it stands, lies the reef of Norman's Woe. You remember Longfellow's poem:

'It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.'

There was a dreadful storm. Colder and louder blew the wind. The snow fell hissing in the brine... And the billows frothed like yeast.

The Captain wrapped his daughter in his seaman's coat, and he cut a rope from a broken spar, and bound her to the mast.

"'Oh, father! I hear the church bells ring,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"'Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"'Oh, father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

'Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

'And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.'

Then a whooping billow swept the crew like icicles from her deck, and the cruel rocks gored her side like the horns of an angry bull. And her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, crashed down with the masts.

'At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.'

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, the salt tears in her eyes, and her hair floated like seaweed on the waves.

'Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!'

A terrible place to die! And a wonderful place to live. This home of John Hays Hammond, Jr., is the most amazing and beautiful home in the world, and I do hope you may visit it. But tourists are dreadful people, sometimes, and I'm afraid Mr. Hammond will grow weary of sight-seers and their basket lunches, and pull up his

drawbridge and lock his doors, and never let any one in again.

It would be too bad to talk of the wonders that lie behind these castle walls, if you cannot see them. And so I think I will only tell you that Mr. Hammond is the inventor who controls boats by radio. He built this palace for his home, and searched the world for ancient beauty to fill it with splendor. In the courtyard is a pool, surrounded by flowers. And the court can be flooded with synthetic moonlight, when the sun is riding high. Or filled, at midnight, with make-believe sunshine. And when the day is hot and dry, gentle rain from heaven falls on the place beneath. For Mr. Hammond, being an inventive genius, plays sometimes with pure magic.

When you leave the castle, turn right from Hesperus Road, and swing back to Gloucester. Along the waterfront is Stage Fort Park, and the restored fort is a replica of the first in Massachusetts. The Park was called Fishermen's Field, because the fishermen dried their catches here on a stage. The original settlers were soon joined by Captain Hewes, out from England. Whereupon the Plymouth Pilgrims, claiming exclusive right to the land, sent Myles Standish and a company to drive Hewes away. The fishermen threw up a fort on Fishermen's Field, and called it Stage Fort. When Standish came, he was so impressed by the fortification that he compromised, to save his face, and marched right back to Plymouth. So that the fort was not used on that occasion, or any other. During the Revolution,

and again in the War of 1812, it was reconditioned, but never occupied.

Farther along the drive is a great statue facing the ocean — a Gloucesterman in oilskins, at the wheel of his vessel. From the beginning Gloucester has been a fishing town. Her sons are 'they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters,' and her brides are often widows before their wedding year is out. Gloucester has been called a 'city of sorrow, whose history is written in tears.' Her poems sing of shipwrecks. And her legends are of maids who watched and waited for vanished boats, until old and gray; their wedding gowns were their funeral shrouds.

On a late Sunday in August there is solemnized, each year, a beautiful memorial service for the men who are drowned at sea. When prayers have been said and hymns sung, the children of the town throw flowers on the receding tide, for God to carry to the graves He knows.

In the old days the fishermen were Puritans. But to-day there are many Portuguese who follow the ancient occupation. And these Portuguese have built a church to Our Lady of Good Voyage, who loves all mariners because her Son's disciples were fishermen. And she bids the stars shine, to guide them on their way. On the church is a statue of the Lady, with a ship in her hands. And on Whitsunday the fishermen come to give her thanks.

Twenty years ago, Captain Joseph Mequita, saved from peril at sea, vowed that he would do the Virgin

honor, as men do in Portugal. He, and all his crew, sent money home to Lisbon, to purchase a silver crown surmounted by a dove. And, on the Feast of Pentecost, the Portuguese fishermen kneel at the altar of the Virgin, and the priest lowers her crown upon their reverent heads. Then many loaves of bread are blessed and distributed to all the people. An ancient custom, with a sweet foreign flavor.

But if the old Puritans could see the service, they would shriek 'Idolatry!' for they were very bigoted and hated Popery.

Gloucester has changed mightily since the old days, but the charm of the ancient town has not been altogether lost. The little roads still ramble to the sea, and cross country to the berrying fields. And there is something in the atmosphere that makes her flowers bloom so big and bright. Perhaps the salt winds color them. Perhaps it is the bones of the fish made into fertilizer. Or it may be the smell of all those fishy ghosts that hangs so heavy in the air. They say if you live in Gloucester long enough, you never notice the smell. And they say, too, that it is very good for growing things.

Your chief delight will surely be the ocean, and for the finest view we will drive to Bass Rocks, through the little narrow street, where the signs point our way. At East Gloucester we may stop for tea at the artists' colony. There are famous artists who summer here, and paint the rocks and sea, and the fishing boats with their nets of silver fish.

To-day the sea may be placid and blue. It may be green, flecked with white, and shimmering with silver. Or it may be gray and angry, with tossing billows. It is never the same. Calm and lovely in summer. Lashed to a rage when storm clouds gather

> 'On a sea in a night that with horror is crazed
> With the torture and passion and fury of storms
> On an old fishing-craft that is beaten and dazed.'

Gloucester's fishing fleet is the oldest in America, and the most valiant in the world.

> 'Gloucester is fair, yes, wondrous fair
> For artist's brush, or poet's pen,
> Yet still its wealth beyond compare
> Is in its race of sturdy men.'

Able seamen who know no fear, and laugh at Death. For Death in this brave village is so ordinary a thing that no great fuss is made at its telling. The people, watching a ship round Eastern Point, see a boat returning, her flag at half-mast, and know that the sea has once more taken toll. It may be husband, sweetheart, or son.

> 'For men must work, and women must weep,
> And there's little to earn and many to keep,
> And the harbor bar is moaning.

Some one from the vessel (usually the Captain) walks with sober step to the home where a seaman will never return, and tells the story to the quiet, waiting folk. There are many ways Death comes on sea. Men are often washed overboard in storms. Or their little dories

are lost in a fog, and they row day and night until their hands are frozen to the oars. A fog at sea is dreaded beyond a storm, for when the dories put out from the mother vessel, to drag their nets, they may never find their way back if the fog is thick and merciless.

But it is not always Death that rides back home to Gloucester. More often it is a fine catch of fish — the men all sharing the profits. When the holds are full and overflowing, the boats ride gayly, and when the 'rocks of old Cape Ann heave in sight, they round Eastern Point whing-bang — past the whistling buoy, lashing her like a race-horse clear up to her berth — in with tops'ls, down with jibs, let go anchor, down with fores'l, let the mains'l stand — and there she is — back from Georges!'

We do not return by the road we came, but drive on around Cape Ann, through Rockport and Bearskin Neck, where there is another artists' colony, of tumble-down houses, gay with flaming hollyhocks. Through Pigeon Cove, past Folly Cove, over the moors to Lanesville, through Annisquam to the Willows — on we go to Dogtown. When we reach Annisquam Willows, we must ask the way, for Dogtown is a little deserted village tucked so snugly away that it is no simple place to find. When we come to Beaver Dam, we leave the car and walk, and if you are not a good walker, you would be very foolish to search at all for Dogtown, for the old horse-road is nothing now but a rabbit track, and the way is choked with stones and prickly thistles. It would be pleasanter, perhaps, to sit by Whale's Jaw, or up

on Peter's Pulpit, and read Percy MacKaye's poem that begins like this:

'Inland among the lonely cedar dells
Of old Cape Ann, near Gloucester by the sea,
Still live the dead — in homes that used to be.
All day in dreamy spells
They tattle low with tongues of tinkling cattle bells,
Or spirit tappings of some hollow tree,
And there, all night — all night, out of the dark —
They bark — and bark.

'There lie the commons of the dead —
The houseless homes of Dogtown. Still their souls
Tenant the bleak doorstones and cellar holes
Where once their quick loins bred
Strong fisher men who fought with storms at the masthead,
And women-folk who took their bitter toll
Of death, with only their old dogs to be
A memory.'

Dogtown is a pathetic, fascinating place, where a hundred families lived and died, and left their old houses to crumble after. When the women saw their menfolk either in their graves, or lost on the ocean, they grew morose and queer. 'Bitter thoughts cankered their mateless hours. Dark fantasies, hatched of long-brooding winter silences, stretched their starved spirits taut with mystic yearnings toward forbidden sins.' And so these poor women shut themselves in their houses, and grew queerer and queerer, until people whispered that they were witches.

There was Tammy Younger. And Judy Rhines, who bewitched the minister. And Old Luce George, who

used to stand at the door of her cabin and curse the oxen so that they would stand with their tongues run out, and could not come up the hill until some of the corn they drew was given to her. Like Peg Wesson, Old Luce had the art of bedeviling a load of wood so that it would not stay on the oxen team until a part had been unloaded at her door. There was Black Nell who had only two teeth, and each of them a full inch long. And Grand'ther Stannard, who thought her legs were made of glass, and refused to use them. The old women of Dogtown were famous for the 'dire drinks' they brewed, and they tell in Gloucester to this day of old Aunt Smith who peddled her brew in the village, saying, as she entered a house, 'Now, ducky, I've come down to bring a dire drink, for I know you feel springish.'

Then there was Peg Wesson, a witch if ever there was one. Before the siege of Louisburg, a number of Gloucester soldiers visited Peg, to beg a swig of her potent brew. And, having drunk, their actions so exasperated her that she threatened to visit them in wrath at Cape Breton.

While camping before Louisburg, the men saw a crow circling above their heads, and tried in vain to shoot the bird of ill omen. They knew, of course, that it was Peg, supernaturally transformed. And they knew that there was nothing could harm her but a bullet cast from silver or gold. So they rammed their silver sleeve-buttons into their guns. And at last the bird was shot, falling with a hurt leg. On their return to Gloucester the soldiers learned that at the precise time the crow was

wounded, Peg fell (from her broomstick, of course) with a fracture of her leg. And the doctor, on dressing the wound, extracted a silver button therefrom!

Peg had three old friends — Molly Jacobs, Sarah Phipps, and Grand'ther Stanley. And, when they were very, very old, the ancient cronies went to live together, with Sammy Stanley, Grand'ther's grandson, to take care of them. Sammy had been brought up by his grandmother to do the housework, and he went about with a handkerchief tied on his head and a calico apron over his trousers. Once Mrs. Almira Riggs went up from the village with food for the old people, and found the three of them in bed, with the coverlet white with snow where the wind had sifted it through the night. And Sammy sitting by their side, knitting, and singing a lullaby. After that, the trio were taken off to the poorhouse, and Sammy moved to Rockport, where he went out washing for a livelihood. And he laid up so much money that when he died he was quite a stockholder in the cotton mills.

There were many strange creatures in Dogtown, and the strangest of all was 'Old Ruth' or 'Tie' — half man, half child, and black as your shoe. Tie wore tattered breeches, and made stone walls for Massa Coit, who bought her for a slave. All day Tie used to sing wild psalms:

'Moon went into poplar tree,
An' star went into blood; —
O my sin is forgiben an' my soul set free!'

Once the minister said, 'Tell me, Tie, why are you so

happy?' And Tie answered, ''Cuz, Massa, 'mong de women I'se glad I'se man, an' 'mong de men, glad sho' I'se woman. So I'se glad I's bof togedder.'

Dogtown has been utterly forsaken for over a hundred years. The little old houses are crumbled away, and nothing left but the gooseberry bushes that grew by their doors. Lilacs bloom in the churchyard, where the old women sleep, but there are no slabs to mark their graves. Nothing but cellars, and a tumbling stone wall and an overgrown clearing; nothing — not even a stick — that was ever part of man's habitation. But only a bleak fascination 'where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew.'

CHAPTER VI

Cambridge

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.
Born there? Don't say so! I was too
(Born in a house with a gambrel roof —
'Gambrel? Gambrel?' — Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg —
First great angle above the hoof, —
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof)
Nicest place that ever was seen —
Colleges red and Common green,
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Cambridge is such a pleasant place to stroll that you may prefer to dispense with a car and take the Subway from Park Street. Ours is the third stop (as far as the car goes), and there is a stile gate saying 'College Yard,' which is the way out. At the top of the stairs is Harvard Square, and the old yellow house at our left is Wadsworth House, President's house for many years, but the home now of the Harvard Alumni Association.

Turn in at the gate just preceding Wadsworth, and walk straight through the Yard until you reach Massachusetts Hall, of pure Colonial architecture, oldest and loveliest of dormitories. It is pleasant to know that every class since 1720 has seen these same brick walls, these small-paned windows, and narrow doorways.

James Russell Lowell, whose bronze bust faces you, once made a speech at Harvard. And, having praised the architectural beauties of Oxford and Cambridge, spoke deprecatingly of the looks of his own Alma Mater.

'Not one of our older buildings,' he said, 'is venerable, or will ever become so. Time refuses to console them. They look as if they meant business, and nothing more.'

That isn't so, even if James Russell Lowell did say it. And it was very nice of his classmates to put his bust here, after he made a speech like that. As a matter of fact, University Hall (directly across from us) is one of the most beautiful buildings in New England, and the old college houses all have charm and simple dignity.

In front of University Hall is a bronze statue of a handsome youth with the inscription, 'John Harvard, Founder, 1638,' and known in academic circles as the 'Statue of the Three Lies.' In the first place, Harvard was founded in *1636*. And John had nothing at all to do with it. The statue is entirely an imaginary likeness, for no one has the slightest idea what Mr. Harvard looked like. His life was short and dreary, and he died leaving neither chick nor child.

John Harvard was the son of a London butcher, who, like his wife, was illiterate. But what they lacked in learning, they made up in ambition, and they determined that John should be what they were not, gentle and scholarly. So they sent him to Cambridge, when he was twenty, and he labored through the seven-year course to a master's degree. Then he married, and came with his bride to America, bringing a tidy fortune be-

queathed by his butcher-papa, and many books banned in England, and smuggled from the Continent. Harvard College had been already established, with Nathaniel Eaton, a dreadful rascal and a 'rare scholar,' as its first president.

Eaton starved and beat his students; ran up debts and never paid them; escaped justice by ignominious flight to Virginia; returned to England to become turncoat persecutor of Nonconformists; and died in a London prison. His name at Harvard is unhonored and unmentioned.

Once, 'with a walnut tree big enough to have killed a horse,' Eaton cudgeled his assistant, 'one Nathaniel Briscoe, a gentleman born,' for two full hours, 'with some two or three short intermissions.' And when poor Briscoe began to pray to the Lord that he should not be murdered, Mr. Eaton 'beat him again for taking the name of God in vain.'

It was the master's custom to give his scholars between twenty and thirty stripes at a time, and he 'would not leave off until they confessed what he desired.' His wife fed the boys bad fish, bread made of sour meal, and never a bite of good red meat. So that the first graduates were poor, craven dyspeptics, who went to law, and had the Eatons ousted. There was a terrific exposé, and while it was raging, John Harvard lay dying of tuberculosis. On his deathbed he spoke the words that left some eight hundred pounds to the college, ten or twelve students of which lived and worked under Eaton's roof. The will was never committed to paper.

But Mrs. Harvard was an honest soul, and fulfilled her husband's dying wish. Six months later, the money and books having been delivered, it was ordered by the General Court that the 'College agreed upon formerly to bee built at Cambridge shall bee called Harvard,' since 'it had pleased God to stir up the hart of one Mr. Harvard to give of his Estate towards learning.'

The enormous brick pile with the broad white stairs and the Corinthian columns is the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial. We are told that the architect strove to harmonize a building of necessary size with the oldest and newest halls in the Yard. Personally, I think he would have done better to have created something lovely in the Colonial manner, instead of trying with Indiana limestone to strike a halfway 'twixt old and new. But it is a grand and expensive edifice, however you look at it. And it was very generous of young Widener's mother to give it to Harvard.

Harry Widener was born and lived in Philadelphia, the eldest son of a very rich man, and eldest grandson of one of the richest men in America. He was a fine, scholarly boy, and achieved distinction as a book collector, becoming famous in a field commonly supposed to be the browsing place for old age. Before he was twenty-seven, he had three thousand precious volumes. Then, in April, 1912, after a visit to London, where he had been buying books, he sailed for home on the Titanic. A few days before, he had found an excessively rare copy of Bacon's 'Essays,' and, slipping it in his pocket, remarked to a friend, 'I think I'll take

this little Bacon along and if I am shipwrecked it will be with me.' In that Bacon there was this sentence, 'The man that was envied while he lived shall be loved when he is gone.'

A. Edward Newton, the great collector, says that in all the history of book collecting there is not a more touching story. Mr. Newton reminds us that when Shelley's body was cast by the waves on the shore near Via Reggio, he had a volume of Keats in his pocket, doubled back at 'The Eve of Saint Agnes.' And so, Widener, when he died, had Bacon in his pocket. The Titanic, you remember, was the finest, fastest ship ever built. On her maiden voyage in mid-ocean, she struck an iceberg. Harry and his father were lost; his mother and her maid rescued.

Mrs. Widener nearly died of grief, and when she had recovered she longed to perpetuate the memory of her boy. His friends told her that Harry had meant to leave his books to Harvard when the University had a library in which they might be safely kept. And it was this provision which his mother fulfilled by erecting this building to house his treasures, and the rest of the College Library as well.

In the entrance hall is a tablet placed by his classmates, and telling us that Harry 'loved the books which he had collected and the college to which he bequeathed them.' His portrait is over the mantel in the room where his library is, and on the table is a photograph with flowers always beside it. In Widener's lifetime, he kept his books in his bedroom, because he loved them

so that he wanted to sleep with them. His young soul hovers in this dim quiet room and, if you come reverently to the books he loved, his gracious spirit will walk with you among his treasures. Since we are here together, I'll repeat a poet's admonition — and perhaps sometime, when friends are fickle, you will remember it, and think of Widener Library, and be glad you heard it here:

> 'Thou fool! to seek companions in a crowd!
> Into thy room, and there upon thy knees,
> Before thy bookshelves, humbly thank thy God,
> That thou hast friends like these!'

In the Treasure Room are many priceless things — tiniest of miniature books, and precious little editions from the collection of the 'Imitation of Christ.' In a cabinet, where you may examine them, are more modern manuscripts — Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' Emerson's 'Essay on Character,' and Shelley's 'Skylark.' The draft of 'The Eve of Saint Agnes' in Keats's handwriting, and Joseph Conrad's memoranda which grew into 'Lord Jim.' There are Dickens's papers, so illegible you wonder how the printer ever read them. And Thackeray's, written with beautiful precision.

Before you leave Widener, see Sargent's mural paintings on the staircase. They were presented by an anonymous donor, and symbolize the part of American youth in the World War. When Mr. Sargent painted them, he was acknowledged to be the greatest living artist, and they were enthusiastically acclaimed. But now appreciation of art seems to have changed. People

say they are worse than posters, and the pacifists simply despise them. Harvard students have petitioned for their removal. On the other hand, there are those who admire them greatly, and assert Sargent never did anything better. Free your mind, if you can, from all prejudice, and try to form an honest personal opinion.

If you are particularly interested in the theater, you will want to see the Theater Collection, with its yellowed playbills and portraits of old-time favorites.

When we leave Widener, there are many museums we may visit, but none so famous as Agassiz, where the glass flowers are. Fifty years ago in Dresden lived a Bohemian artist who was also a glass modeler. His name was Leopold Blaschka, and he could pattern glass to the most intricate models so beautifully that his fame spread all over the world. Harvard botanical students, at the time, were studying plants from models of wax and papier-mâché; and the paper ones were very crude, and the wax ones were dusty and sticky.

The director of the Botanic Garden, Professor Goodale, was a most resourceful man, and one day he said to his class, 'I am going to solicit the services of Herr Blaschka, to prepare some glass models for us, so that you boys will have something decent to work with for a change.' And, forthwith, the Professor sailed for Germany.

This was in 1886. As soon as he reached Dresden, he went to Blaschka's home, and begged him to make a few glass flowers. But the artist was very busy, modeling marine invertebrata, and declined to make the experi-

ment. It would be a departure, he said, from his regular work, and would necessitate an exhaustive study of botany, of which he knew nothing. In vain Professor Goodale argued. Departing regretfully, he stopped to admire a cluster of fine orchids — the little butterfly orchids that grow a dozen on a stem, and cost two dollars a blossom. Herr Blaschka must have had two hundred dollars' worth.

'What exquisite blossoms!' exclaimed Professor Goodale. 'I envy a man with a conservatory.'

Herr Blaschka smiled. 'I am a poor man,' he said, 'and have no conservatory. If I want orchids, I must make them. The flowers you admire are of glass, Herr Professor.'

You could have knocked Goodale over with a feather.

'Glass!' he cried incredulously. 'But you said you knew nothing of botany, Herr Blaschka.'

As a matter of fact, the old artist *didn't*. He was the finest craftsman on earth, but scientific study was a closed book to him. Moreover, money meant absolutely nothing, and his successful business was limited by his resolution to employ no apprentice nor assistant except his son.

To make a long story short, Rudolph (the son) came to America, and studied at Harvard. When he returned to Germany, he took with him plants of the desert and of tropical America. Then he and his father went to work. With their own hands, father and son made *thousands* of models, and shipped them to America. (There are illustrations here of the methods by which

the models are packed and photographs also of the Blaschkas, and their garden in Dresden.)

Nowhere else on earth are flowers like these. Because of their rarity they are worth a fortune. Any great museum in the world would have employed the Blaschkas at their own price. But not even the Kaiser could coax as much as a glass bud from them. They gave their allegiance to Harvard, and enriched the University beyond measure. For their own part they were satisfied with little money.

In 1895, Rudolph came again to America, and was making a collection of flowers in Virginia when he was suddenly summoned home by news of his father's death. Since then he has worked alone in his father's studio. When Rudolph dies (and he is a very old man now), there will be no one to carry on. Then the art of the Blaschkas will die, as old Leopold, its founder, wished.

Leaving the exquisite glass flowers, we pass into a room of gigantic horrors. Stuffed dolphins, and walruses, and a sea elephant, big as a house. There is the skeleton of a whale, and monsters like creatures in a nightmare.

The Peabody Museum, devoted to the study of primitive man, is also in this building, and well worth visiting. We may leave Peabody by the Divinity Avenue door, and find ourselves nearly opposite the Semitic Museum. The aim of this museum is to extend knowledge of the life, history, and achievements of the Semitic peoples, and to show what they have contributed to civilization. Still on Divinity Avenue, at the corner of Kirkland

Street, we find the Germanic Museum, built by Adolphus Busch, to show the outward aspect of the development of German civilization. Both these museums are of interest to every one, but particularly to Semites and people of German ancestry.

The Fogg Museum, built at a cost of two million dollars, is the finest college art museum in the world. Unless you are fond of museums, and love the beautiful things they hold, a visit will probably not mean a great deal. But many people will be glad to know that it is now possible to obtain a guide, and the museum is open on Sunday afternoons as well as week-days.

When we leave Harvard, we will walk to Cambridge Common, to see the historic guns gathered about the Soldiers' Monument. Ethan Allen captured these cannon at Ticonderoga, in 1775, and the following winter, Washington sent General Knox to bring them to Boston. It was mid-winter, and the roads were deep with snow. Knox harnessed eight yoke of oxen to two great sleds, and loaded on the cannon. Then, in a terrific blizzard, he set out for Boston. The trip took eighteen days; the men and oxen nearly froze. Meantime, Washington, waiting anxiously in Boston, feared the British would attack before the cannon arrived. But Knox arrived in the nick of time, and these are the cannon which the British awoke to see planted on Dorchester Heights.

Circle the Common to the left, so that you may see the ancient graveyard, lying between two old churches. 'God's Acre,' they used to call it, which was as pretty a name as graveyard ever had. Here are the tombs of

the early settlers, the first presidents of the College, and grandees of the town in Provincial days. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who loved Cambridge almost as much as Boston, immortalized this little scene of the churches guarding God's Acre. And this is what he wrote:

'Like Sentinel and Nun they keep
Their vigil on the green.
One seems to guard and one to weep
The dead that lie between.'

Christ Church, on our right, was used for a barracks at the beginning of the Revolution. And the need for ammunition was so great that the organ pipes were melted down and made into bullets. George Washington and Martha attended service here, and Martha wore black for all the men who had been killed.

Everybody who comes to Cambridge wants to see Washington Elm, for stories persist that the tree where Washington took command of the Continental Army still stands on Cambridge Common. The *site* is here (a few steps from Christ Church, and marked by a tablet.) But that is all. The original tree collapsed in 1923, for trees, you know, cannot live forever. Sometimes we dig their hearts, when they begin to crumble, and give them cement hearts, instead, and that prolongs their life. But this particular tree had hardening of the arteries, or something like that. And nothing could be done about it. Fortunately, however, three years before the old tree died, a cutting was made, and sent to Seattle, to the botanical gardens of the University of Washington.

And there, in the moist atmosphere of the Pacific Coast, the little cutting grew into stalwart manhood. Recently the University of Washington cut two twigs from this only living descendant of the Washington Elm, and sent them home to Cambridge. They were too young to weather the gasoline fumes that blow across the Common, and so they were consigned to the Arnold Arboretum. And when they are big and strong, one of them will be planted here, beside the tablet, so that the child of Washington's Elm may carry on the old tradition that almost collapsed with its daddy. As a matter of fact, the original tree wasn't one bit more sacred than any other elm on the Common. But it is a nice story, and nice stories are quite as important as dull facts. Besides, on July 3, 1775, the militia did parade across the Common, and Washington stood and watched them, and the chances are that he stood under the shadiest tree, which was a huge big elm.

Now if you are ready for luncheon, let us go to the Cock Horse, an old house with a quaint garden, and a swinging sign that tells us it was here 'Under a spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stood.' The tree is not here any longer, but when we visit Longfellow's home this afternoon, we will see the poet's favorite chair, made from the chestnut's wood, and given him by the children of Cambridge. You remember how the children coming home from school looked in at the open door. They loved to see the flaming forge, and hear the bellows roar. And you remember the smithy, too, I hope:

'His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.'

Longfellow's home is open on Saturday afternoons, and we may not visit the entire house, but only the poet's study (though glimpses may be had of the room beyond, which Washington used for staff headquarters, and where Martha held her grand receptions).

Brattle Street, where Longfellow lived, is a lovely old street, the nicest in Cambridge. In Provincial times it was known as Tory Row, and was the most exclusive quarter in town. Loyalists lived in almost every house, and scarlet-coated, rapiered figures creaked up and down on red-heeled shoes, lifting their ceremonious three-cornered hats, and proffering their snuffboxes with old-time gallantry. When the Revolution broke out, the grand gentlemen and lovely ladies who lived on the Row became refugees, and their fine mansions fell into the hands of the Provincial Government.

This place of Longfellow's belonged to Colonel John Vassall, a loyal Tory, who fled for his life. Then Washington took it for his headquarters. Sometime after the war, it fell into the hands of Andrew Craigie, who maintained it magnificently. But Andrew died, and his wife had to take boarders. Poor Widow Craigie — she put a little card in her window: 'Rooms to Rent.' And along came Henry Longfellow, a young professor at Harvard.

The Widow Craigie employed a farmer and his wife. The wife, an enormous woman named Miriam, was extremely religious, and quoted Scripture all day long. Besides praying for the boarders' souls, she did their washing and mended their socks. And for her trouble she charged so much, the poet called her Miriam, the Profit-ess.

Longfellow was a widower in those days. You may have read 'Footsteps of Angels,' enshrining his memory of

> 'the being beauteous
> Who unto my youth was given,
> More than all things else to love me,
> And is now a saint in heaven.'

The being beauteous was little Mary Potter, of Portland. She died in Germany when she had been married four years. 'Broken,' her husband wrote, 'under the burden of the unripe fruit.' Which meant, I suppose, that Mary was going to have a baby. Poets were very delicate in those days.

While he was grieving for his lovely wife, Longfellow met the Appletons of Cambridge, who were traveling in Europe. They were very wealthy, and Frances Elizabeth, who was nineteen, was very beautiful. A year later, when Longfellow came to Cambridge, the Appletons naturally extended their hospitality. And the young widower and Frances Elizabeth fell in love. Eight years after the death of the first Mrs. Longfellow, they were married, and went honeymooning all over New England. At Pittsfield, in the heart of the Berkshires.

they visited some relatives of the bride, who lived 'somewhat back from the village street, in an old-fashioned country seat.' It was at their home that Longfellow wrote 'The Old Clock on the Stairs.'

Now, there is another old clock on the landing of the poet's Cambridge home. 'Halfway up the stairs it stands, and points and beckons with its hands,' exactly like the clock in the poem. Miss Alice Longfellow, who lived and died in the old homestead, bought it for sentiment's sake, I've heard.

> 'And as if, like God, it all things saw,
> It calmly repeats these words of awe, —
> "Forever — never!
> Never — forever!"'

But to get back to the poet's second marriage — the Appletons, as I have said, were enormously wealthy, and, being very pleased with the match, they wanted to give the newly-weds a wonderful wedding gift. Longfellow, they knew, was greatly attached to the Widow Craigie's boarding-house. He had lived here for nearly seven years, and loved the grand old place. Mr. Appleton thought things over, and one night he gave a family dinner.

Now, the Appleton dinners were famous. At a little family affair there were usually twenty covers. The center bouquet cost twenty-five dollars. And three hired blacks helped the two family servants. They used to have oysters on the shell with sherry. Brown and white soup, followed by oyster pâtés, with white wine. Boiled and baked fish. Boiled turkey. Roast mutton.

Veal, with peas and ham. Sweetbreads and croquettes. Wine, and Roman punch. Canvas-back ducks. Grouse, woodcock, and quails. Salad. Blanc-mange. Baked and frozen pudding. Fresh and preserved fruits. And ornamental sweets from the confectioner's!... That was just a small dinner. When Nathan Appleton had a *big* dinner, there were twice as many courses.

Well, the night the honeymooners came home, Mr. Appleton had the rest of the family in for dinner. Then he told them that he had decided to give Frances Elizabeth and Henry the Widow Craigie's place for a wedding present. And not only that — but the land across the street, way down to the river, so that they might have a wonderful view all the days of their life.

Naturally the young couple were overjoyed. They took possession immediately. And here they lived for eighteen happy years. Everybody loved the poet, and women used to write to Mrs. Longfellow begging 'one long hair from your husband's beautiful beard.'

Of course she never answered such foolish requests, but one day it occurred to her that if people would value a single hair from a poet's beard, the soft locks of a young girl would be a precious souvenir.

'I'll cut the children's curls,' she decided, 'and give them to Henry for a birthday gift.'

So she called them to their father's study — 'grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair.' And from each young head, she snipped a pretty curl. She was sealing them in small packages, when a gust of wind upset the candle. Mrs. Longfellow was wearing a

muslin dress. And her voluminous skirt caught fire. The poor woman was so severely burned and so terribly frightened that she died the next morning. Her husband was badly scarred in trying to save her. And all the rest of his life he was a saddened man.

Eighteen years after his terrible bereavement, he wrote these lines:

'In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face — the face of one long dead —
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose....'

They laid her away in lovely Mount Auburn on the anniversary of her wedding day, with a wreath of orange blossoms on her head.

Perhaps you would like to visit Mount Auburn. Whenever I see a beautiful cemetery, I think of what Shelley said when he visited Keats's grave in Rome.

'It might make one in love with death,' he said, 'to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'

If you have a fondness for beautiful cemeteries you will find 'Sweet Auburn' blessedly consoling. Near the gate, on our left, is the stately sarcophagus of Longfellow. Beyond, on Lime Avenue, the grave of Holmes. And, on the base of Indian Ridge, Lowell rests beneath tall pines whose needles softly fall. On Anemone Avenue sleeps Edwin Booth. Across the pond is a beautiful memorial to Mary Baker Eddy who founded Christian

Science. All around us are the illustrious dead, each in his narrow cell forever laid. And, though the place is fair and sweet, we feel with Thomas Gray as he sat by his mother's grave and wrote the immortal 'Elegy':

> 'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour.
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

Almost across from Mount Auburn, at the end of Tory Road, is Elmwood, where the Lowells have lived for more than a hundred years. Some people think the Lowells are snobbish, because of that rhyme about 'speaking only to Cabots.' And there is a joke at Harvard about placing a tablet to mark the spot where President Lowell spoke to a freshman. The Lowells are extremely intellectual, and come from a fine, erudite line. James Russell Lowell was born at Elmwood. And it was he who first brought the family literary distinction. He was a scholar with a profound knowledge of books, an essayist and a poet, professor at Harvard, and Ambassador to Spain and England. Other famous Lowells are Percival, Amy, and A. Lawrence. Everybody has heard of Amy. A perfectly enormous lady who smoked big black cigars and wrote passionate and exquisite verse. Percival was her brother, and the famous astronomer whose calculations led to the recent discovery of a new planet. A second brother is A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard, and a very learned, charming person.

Elmwood is a perfect specimen of the country seat of

a Provincial magnate. It was originally the home of Thomas Oliver, English Lieutenant-Governor whose resignation was demanded when war began to seethe. General Gage had raided the powder-house in Somerville, and the colonists descended on Oliver, a dapper little man, and scared of his life. 'My house being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their commands, I sign my name, Thomas Oliver,' he wrote. And, having signed, he fled.

After the Revolution, the Lowells obtained possession, and named the place Elmwood, for its fine old trees. It was James Russell Lowell who wrote:

> 'My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning to me,
> As of old in their moody, minor key,
> And out of the past the hoarse wind blows.'

He also wrote that pretty thing that people quote on nice June days —

> 'And what is so rare as a day in June?
> Then, if ever, come perfect days;
> Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
> And over it softly her warm ear lays.'

CHAPTER VII

Lexington and Concord

Our day properly begins in Lexington, and a pleasant place to meet will be Munroe Tavern, the old inn commandeered by the retreating British soldiers on the day of the famous battle. There are many ways of reaching Lexington, depending, of course, upon your starting-point. Ask at any gasoline station for a road map, and find the shortest route.

Lexington and Concord are quite enough for one trip, but I have planned a long day, to include also Harvard and Sudbury. We can lunch in Concord, drive to Harvard, and have dinner at Wayside. Read this chapter and the next, to decide, before starting, if you want to do it all in one day.

Now, Arlington, just preceding Lexington, has its share of history, but since it is limited to tablets telling the tale, and there is so much to cover, we will not stop there, but meet at the Tavern. If you decide you do want to see Arlington, take Massachusetts Avenue from Boston or Cambridge, and so follow the old Paul Revere road along which he galloped that eighteenth of April, in 'Seventy-Five.

Near the monument, in the Arlington churchyard, at the corner of Pleasant Street, is a low stone tablet which says that

Mr. Jason Russell was
barbarously murdered in his own
Home by Gage's bloody Troops
on ye 19th of April, 1775...

and goes on to tell how his body rests with eleven others cruelly slain on that fatal day. Jason Russell was an old cripple, who had been warned to flee, but barricaded his tavern, instead, and gathered there with eleven cronies. The old men were drinking grog, peaceably enough, when in rushed a party of British soldiers, and shot them in cold blood. We are told that they were buried 'without coffins, in the clothes they had worn when they fell.'

However, all was not on the side of the English, for a tablet in front of the church informs us that at this spot 'the old men of Menotomy' captured eighteen British soldiers. Brave old men! They were rheumatic, every one. And one was deaf, and some were nearly blind. The Minute-Men had left them behind, because they were too old to fight. But they were not too old — bless their valiant hearts! — to effect the first capture of the Revolution.

In the village, the troops knocked roughly at the shoemaker's, asking why the candles burned at this unseemly hour. And the gudwife replied that they were making herb tea. The shoemaker's 'herb tea' was a concoction afterwards absorbed by the Redcoats in the form of solid substance, known as Yankee bullets, and made of household pewter.

A tablet near the railway station has an interesting

tale. Samuel Whittemore, living here, 'was awakened by the stir in the street, and looking out, saw bayonets glistening in the moonlight.' Mr. Whittemore was over eighty years old, but he hopped out of bed, and, throwing his cane down the stairs, grabbed his gun, and, hiding behind a stone wall, popped off at the retreating British, until he was bayoneted and left for dead. Hours later, he was carried to Cooper's Tavern, where he recovered — and he lived to be ninety-eight!

The first great landmark on the way to Lexington Common is the old Munroe Tavern, built in 1695. The first Munroe in America was William, a soldier of the King, taken prisoner by Cromwell at the Battle of Worcester. Prisoners and criminals were sent in those days to America, and made to pay their passage money. William settled in Lexington, where he prospered, and had a houseful of children. William's son William, built this tavern, and William the fourth, his great-grandson, was landlord during the Revolution.

Before we go farther, let us review briefly the Battle of Lexington. The Province of Massachusetts was on the eve of open revolt. For one hundred and fifty years we had obeyed the edicts of a distant king. We had paid him tribute and supported the governors he sent to rule us. There had been much dissension and bitterness. And now, goaded by huge taxes, we were ready to fight for freedom.

General Gage, whom the King sent to Boston to put down the rebellion, was informed by spies that the patriots' ammunition was at Concord, and he had deter-

mined to send a secret expedition to seize the dépôt. He quietly prepared eight hundred picked troops, and sent them under cover of night across the Bay, from Boston Common to Cambridge, thus baffling the vigilance of towns-people, and at the same time shortening the march. Between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of April 18, the soldiers rowed, with padded oars, across the Bay.

But hardly had they climbed into their boats when Paul Revere and William Dawes set out on horseback, by different routes, to spread the alarm for the country folk to be up and to arms. When we visited the Old North Church, we saw the tower from which the signal lanterns swung. There was to be one if the British were marching by land — and two if by sea. And you remember how first one — then *two* lamps — in the belfry burned. The riders sprang to their saddles. Revere rode by way of Charlestown, and Dawes by the highroad over the Neck. Shouting like mad, they galloped... 'Up and arm! Up and arm!' Then the Minute-Men jumped from their beds, and kissed their wives and children, and prepared to meet the Redcoats when they came.

The fighting continued all day, and about two o'clock in the afternoon, Earl Percy came with reënforcements. The British were retreating then, and Percy did all he could to save them. He had one thousand men and two cannon, and he placed his cannon, one on the Tavern lawn, and one on the hill in back. And with them he managed to hold the Minute-Men back long enough to bring the wounded Redcoats into this house. He re-

mained here only two hours, as the patriots pressed forward under the cannon fire and Percy's troops had to retreat back to Boston.

In the parlor here are portraits of the landlord's oldest son, William, who was six years old at the time of the battle, and William's sister, Anna, who was four. Anna, when she was an old lady, told her great-granddaughter (who told the custodian here) that she could remember seeing men in red coats coming toward the house, and how frightened her mother was. They ran for the woods, and Mrs. Munroe carried the baby, Sally, in her arms. William and Anna were clutching her skirts, and crying their little hearts out. As she ran, one of the British soldiers raised his gun to fire, but an officer knocked his arm up, crying, 'Don't kill a woman!'

Mrs. Munroe's wedding bonnet is here, and her wedding slippers too. The slippers are white satin, but the straw bonnet is black. Of course, Mrs. Munroe didn't wear a black bonnet with her white gown. It was white for her wedding day. And for a year or two, she wore it like that. Then she dyed it yellow. After a while she dyed it green, and after that, brown. And the last year of her life, it was black. It was, by the way, the only bonnet Mrs. Munroe had from the time of her marriage until her death.

There are several of her possessions here, among them the trough in which she mixed bread on the night of the battle. When her husband came back from the fighting, and was telling her who had been killed, she said, 'I mixed my bread last night with the tears coming, for

fear I should have no husband when the next mixing came.' Generations of Munroes mixed their bread in this trough, and one of them tells how she stood when she was a little girl on a wooden cricket, while her great-grandmother told her how to mix the yeast and milk. 'Now, Laura,' said the old lady, 'five generations have made good bread in that trough, and it isn't the fault of the trough if you don't.'

Anna Munroe, whose picture hangs on the wall, married a young minister named William Muzzey. Anna never was pretty, but she had a very nice figure, and tiny little feet. One Sunday William, who was a student at Harvard, brought a classmate to the Tavern, to meet Anna, and stop for dinner with the family. That afternoon they went to meeting, and William managed to get his chum off to one side, to ask him what he thought of his girl friend.

'Well,' said the Harvard boy, 'I think she has a devil of a face. But the form and foot of an angel — and all's well that ends well.'

After they were married, William told his wife, and, instead of being angry, she was greatly amused and told the story all over town.

The chest under Anna's portrait belonged to the third wife of the very first Munroe in Lexington, who brought it to him, along with a feather bed, a bolster, and a warming pan.

Near the first Mrs. Munroe's wedding bonnet and slippers is her wedding ring, with the motto still legible: 'Hearts united live contented.' The lady in the sil-

houette is the second Mrs. Munroe. It was she who, with the help of all the neighbors, prepared the dinner for Washington when he stopped here on his tour of New England in 1790. Washington arrived in his own coach, accompanied by two secretaries and six servants. Until his visit to Boston there had been a deal of controversy over his title. Some people called him 'Your Majesty,' and some referred to him as 'His Highness.' But, to settle matters, there was a special town meeting, and the citizens, without a dissenting vote, agreed that he be called simply 'The President.'

The Munroes were all excited when they learned that Washington was coming to the Tavern, and they cleared the best bedroom to arrange a private dining-room for him. Colonel Munroe, the landlord, stood behind the President's chair, and served the guests. Anna brought up the food. And when she was an old lady, she used to tell how 'Marm said to me, "Anna Munroe, if you spill a crumb, the President won't have anything to do with you!"' Sally and Lucinda washed the dishes and put them away in the right-hand cupboard over the bar-room fireplace. And Lucinda, who wasn't allowed upstairs, was so afraid she wouldn't see Washington that she climbed the elm tree in front of the tavern, to look in the window, with Jonas, her little brother, to boost from behind. Dinner was progressing nicely, when, suddenly, there was a dreadful howling. And Washington, jumping to the window, saw Lucinda clinging to a branch, with Jonas holding her petticoats to keep her from falling.

The old barroom is interesting. At that time it was the social room of the Tavern, and not at all like later bars. Most of the patrons were drovers from New Hampshire and Vermont, who brought in herds of cattle and sheep to the Boston markets; and farmers, with wool and dairy products. When the Tavern was crowded, the drovers were expected to spend their evenings in the barn, leaving the barroom for their 'betters.' The Tavern had many outbuildings and ells, and was a great deal larger than it is now. There were big barns with wide doors, where a hundred horses might be stabled, and two or three hundred head of cattle could graze in the fields. There were pens for sheep. But the turkeys — thousands of them — used to roost in the trees. In the morning the men would scatter corn in the road, and when the turkeys came for their breakfast, they could start the drive for Boston.

On the day of the battle, when the Munroes came back — Mrs. Munroe from the woods and the Colonel from the fighting — they found this floor covered with blood. And the household linen had been torn in pieces to bind the soldiers' wounds. When the British left, they set fire to the place. But the neighbors came and beat it out and so the historic Tavern was saved for posterity.

From here we will go to Lexington Green, where

'In their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not.'

In Buckman Tavern, seventy-seven Minute-Men, roused by Paul Revere and William Dawes, awaited the arrival of the British. When the alarm was rung from the old belfry the Minute-Men drew up on the Green, in command of Captain Parker, who ordered every man to load his rifle. Seventy-seven patriots against eight hundred British!

When the Redcoats came marching down the street, and Parker realized the madness of an aggressive policy, he ordered his men not to fire unless fired upon, but added the dauntless challenge, 'But if they mean to have war, let it begin here.'

When Pitcairn (in command of the British) drew up and demanded 'Disperse, ye rebels!' not a man moved. Pitcairn then ordered his men to fire. And when they hesitated, he discharged his own pistol — and thus fired the first shot of the Revolution. Then his soldiers leveled their guns at the patriots. And the first volley laid seven dead, and wounded ten. One of these was Jonathan Harrington, whose house still stands across the Green. Bleeding to death, Harrington dragged himself to the doorstep, and died in the arms of his wife.

The Minute-Men hesitated no longer, but returned the fire, until Captain Parker, knowing that resistance was vain, ordered his men to disperse. Here is the Captain's statue, showing him leaping on a stone wall. A little farther along on the Green is a boulder with the historic words of Captain Parker engraved thereon.

Visit Buckman Tavern across the way, and then we will walk to Parson Clarke's house, where John Hancock

and Samuel Adams were sleeping the night before the battle.

Hancock and Adams, as you know, were leaders among the patriots, and George III was so angry with them that he ordered Gage to arrest them both, and send them to England for trial...

> 'And for their king, that John Hancock
> And Adams, if they're taken,
> Their heads for signs shall hang up high
> Upon the hill called Beacon.'

The King said he would pardon every one else concerned in the rebellion, if they would stop defying His Majesty — but *never* Hancock and Adams!

Hancock had come to Lexington to see his fiancée, Dorothy Quincy, who was visiting the Reverend Jonas Clarke. Dorothy was chaperoned by Madame Lydia Hancock, John's aunt. John and Samuel had the room downstairs, and slept together in a post bed with green curtains. It was the best room, reserved for company and sickness.

Dorothy was asleep upstairs with Aunt Lydia. How frightened she must have been when Paul Revere woke them with his dire tidings! They up and dressed in no time. And Hancock and Adams sought shelter in a near-by house, where Dorothy joined them in the morning. John Hancock, by the way, was very fond of his food and had laid in a fine fat salmon for his breakfast. When he fled that night, he whispered to Dorothy to cook the salmon, and bring it with her.

Almost every one has heard the expression. 'Put your

John Hancock there,' meaning, 'Sign your name.' I suppose you know that John Hancock had a great conspicuous signature, but did you ever hear the story about how he signed the Declaration of Independence? There was a price on his head, put there by George III, and when the Declaration was drawn, Hancock, the first signer, affixed his name with a flourish.

'There!' he cried. 'John Bull can read that without spectacles! Now let him double his reward!'

When we leave the Clarke house, we may choose either of two roads to Concord. And, because one is beautiful, and the other historic, I am going to suggest we drive three miles down the historic road, to cover the principal points of interest. And then return to Lexington Green, to take the longer, lovelier way through Bedford past Sleepy Hollow Cemetery to Concord.

Signs point the straight historic way the British marched from Lexington to Concord Bridge. You will want to see the stone walls, because

> 'In the books you have read
> How the British regulars fired and fled —
> How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
> From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
> Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
> Then crossing the fields to emerge again,
> Under the trees at the turn of the road,
> And only pausing to fire and load.'

It is not a particularly pleasant drive, but unless you are a New-Englander and know your stone walls, you may have wondered how the patriots could leap from wall to

wall chasing and firing, and harrying the poor British, until they could only run, and pray to God to save their lives. By the time the Redcoats reached Concord, the Minute-Men had assembled on the farther side of the bridge. They came from all the towns about, and poured into Concord — hundreds strong. Before the day was over there were 3750 Minute-Men, gathered to meet the British. And Earl Percy conducted a retreat against a number three times that of his troops.

These stone walls, which contribute so to the charm of New England, were made when the settlers cleared their property. They carried the rocks to their boundary lines, and piled them, sometimes merely to be rid of the them, and, sometimes, to keep their animals from roaming. And so they came to enclose all the fields and pastures. Apple trees grow within the gray walls, and stretch their gray boughs over. And in the spring they scatter pink blossoms all about, so there is not a prettier sight in the world than New England in apple-blossom time.

There are one or two points of nominal interest, and then we will turn back. Here at the junction of two roads is a tablet on our right. 'This bluff,' it says, 'was used as a rallying point by the British April 19, 1775. After a sharp fight they retreated to Fiske Hill, from which they were driven in great confusion.' It was from this point that the retreat became carnage, unchecked until Earl Percy fired his cannon from Munroe Tavern.

A little farther on our right — near the hot-dog stands — is a boulder marking the spot where Paul Revere and

Dawes were set upon by the British. They had been joined by young Dr. Prescott on his way home from courting — when, at a sudden turning, they came upon a Redcoat patrol. Prescott leaped his horse over the roadside wall, and so escaped across the field to Concord, where he spread the alarm. Revere and Dawes, at the point of guns, gave themselves up.

And when the officer in charge demanded their business on the road, Dawes cried, 'Listen!'... Then through the still morning, the distant booming of the alarm bell's peal on peal was borne across the dewy fields.

It was the British who were uneasy then. Ordering the prisoners to follow, they galloped toward Lexington, and when they were at the edge of the village, Revere slipped from his horse, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him back to Parson Clarke's, where Dorothy Q. was making a sauce for the salmon.

When you have read the tablet, we will return to Lexington, to take the Bedford road to Concord.

> 'Old roads winding as old roads will,
> Here to a ferry, and there to a mill,
> And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves
> Through green elm arches and maple leaves.'

Bedford is a sweet New England village, with a meeting-house on the Green, and white houses behind picket fences, shaded by wine-glass elms. Bedford was once an important town on the great stage-coach line between New Hampshire and Boston. These houses you see were the homes of the merchants and all the solid country squires. And here is the tavern where the Bed-

ford Minute-Men gathered for breakfast before setting out for Concord. It was a hasty meal, moistened with New England rum, and as they left, their Captain, Jonathan Wilson, remarked, ''Twas a cold breakfast, boys, but we'll give the British a hot dinner, for we'll have every dog of them before night.'

Long ago, in Bedford, the Indians captured a young pioneer, and bound him to a tree, and gathered fagots to burn him to death, when Sweet Water, the beautiful daughter of Chief Mancomee, snatched the burning brand.

'The Great Spirit is angry!' she cried. 'Pale Face shall not die unless Sweet Water dies with him, for so the Great Spirit wills.'

Then there was a burst of thunder and a flash of lightning, so that the braves knew Sweet Water spoke the truth. And Chief Mancomee bade a warrior unbind the captive. And Pale Face stayed with the Indians, and married Sweet Water, and became a counsellor of her tribe. And to this day there is a spring in Bedford called Sweet Water, in honor of the Indian bride.

It is five miles from Bedford to Concord along a New England road, loveliest in springtime when gnarled apple trees shower the gray walls with perfumed petals.

On our way we pass Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, but unless the graves mean a great deal to you, we will not stop. Emerson is here, beneath a boulder of rose marble, with a giant pine to guard his slumber. Hawthorne's grave is near, in a grove of pines, and Thoreau sleeps just below. Emerson chose this spot, in his youth, to

be his final resting-place. Beside him is his little son, Waldo, and on the child's gravestone are lines the grieving father wrote:

> 'The hyacinthine boy, for whom
> Morn well might break and April bloom,
> The gracious boy, who did adorn,
> The world whereunto he was born.'

Concord Bridge is only a few minutes' drive from Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Before we reach the Battle Ground, look at the somber gray house, standing in the fields on our left. The Old Manse, built by the grandfather of Emerson, and hallowed as the home of Concord's Sage.

Here, when Emerson had moved away, the Hawthornes came on their honeymoon, and the bridegroom said, 'Sophia, I am going to write a book and call it "Mosses from an Old Manse," and you shall be my inspiration.'

Sophia was delighted, and tidied up the study and filled it with flowers. And that very day Hawthorne began his Mosses, like this:

'The Old Manse had never been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time had dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. It is awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written here!...'

Sophia Peabody was an invalid until she fell in love

with Hawthorne. And when he asked her to marry him, she said, 'If God intends us to marry, He will let me be cured. If not, it will be a sign that it is not best.'

That was a faint hope, for the doctors said that only a miracle could make the poor girl better. But Hawthorne and his sweetheart believed in miracles. And, by the might and purity of her love, Sophia began to recover. You remember I told you what a shy young man Hawthorne was. Well, when he was married, he became a very different person. Gay and charming, and so happy.

He wrote his wife the most beautiful love letters. 'I had walked,' he said, 'in darkness, and might have walked through life, with only a dreamy notion that there was any light in the universe, if you had not kissed my eyelids and given me to see.... How strange it is, tender and fragile little Sophia, that your protection should have become absolutely necessary to such a great, rough, burly, broad-shouldered person as I!'

Hawthorne was a very handsome man. His wife said he was much handsomer than Byron, and she called him Apollo. 'Imagine Apollo,' she wrote her mother, 'with that magnificent head bent over a cooking stove, and those star eyes watching the potatoes boil!'

Here they worked, and played, and loved, and labored. Hawthorne was cook and housemaid for his cherished, small wife. He wrote 'between chores,' he said, of caring for babies and peeling potatoes. His 'ownest Phœbe' he called his beloved. And he avoided the world as much as he could, so that he might be with her alone. For

twenty-two years she was his sole confidante. And when he died, she said that he had brought heaven to the Old Manse, and kept it always about her.... Here it sleeps, the nice Old Manse, slumbering peacefully in the shadow of its greatness.

From the study window, Emerson's grandfather watched the fight at the Old North Bridge. He was a minister, and so beloved by his parishioners that when he shouldered his musket, they locked him in, for fear he might be injured. The breeze carried the roll of battle and the smoke about his quiet house. And the old man fell on his knees, and prayed for victory and peace.

When the fighting was over, the women came from the woods, where they had hidden with their children. And Mr. Emerson saw a housewife, with seven aprons on, and a lamb in her arms. Farmers' wives never did anything of importance without first donning a checked apron of state, like a badge of dignity. And this bewildered woman, when the firing began, had gone, unconsciously, to her apron drawer again and again. Until, when she recovered her wits, in a safe hiding-place, she found she had seven checked aprons on. And over one arm she had a milk pail, and in the other a baby lamb!...

Now through a vale of tall pines, we will walk to the 'rude bridge that arched the flood.' This is not, of course, the original bridge. You may see a bit of that one at the Concord Antiquarian rooms. The Battle Monument marks the British position. The statue of the Minute-Man on the opposite bank, the position of the Americans.

'Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world!'

It is a lovely, tranquil scene — a place of peace and quiet, with the slow river sweeping gently behind the Old Manse, and the willows whispering softly. They say the river runs slowly here because it hates to leave Concord. And Hawthorne wrote: 'It comes creeping softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes; the river sleeps along its course and dreams of the sky and the clustering foliage....'

It was sweet, I think, to place a tablet here to the memory of the British boys killed so far from home.

'They came 3000 miles and died
To keep the past upon its throne,
Unheard beyond the ocean tide
Their English mother made her moan.'

The most terrible thing about war is that it kills pity, and so it is good to find testimony of compassion, commemorating the 'endless extinction of unhappy hates.'

When we leave the Battle Ground, there are several places we may lunch. The Colonial Inn or the old Wright Tavern, where Pitcairn, drinking his toddy on the morning of the 19th, and stirring it with his finger, boasted that 'thus he would stir the blood of the rebels before nightfall.' Pitcairn was killed at Bunker Hill two months later. You remember we saw a tablet in the Old North Church in Boston, telling how he was carried

from the field on the back of his son, who kissed him and returned to duty.

Across the street is Hillside Burying Ground, with its clusters of old gray stones, tumbling quaintly down the hill. In old New England, graves are always near the church, so the dead may rest in holy ground.

After luncheon we will go to the Concord Antiquarian Society, across the street from Emerson's home. Since we may not visit at Emerson's, you will be delighted to know that the Antiquarian Society has re-created his study. His descendants have lent the furniture and the Society has built a room of identical dimensions, papered it with the same wallpaper, and furnished it as Emerson did. Here are his treasured books. His chair and his table. Because everything is precious, the room is enclosed in glass — so, though you may look, you cannot touch.

On his father's side, Emerson came of eight successive generations of ministers, who bequeathed him plenty of ethics and religion. On his mother's side, his grandfather was a whiskey distiller (which was respectable enough in those days). The distiller had 'no ancestry,' but he left forty-six grandchildren, and it was from him Emerson is said to have inherited his great practicality.

Emerson was so beloved that people came from far and wide to live in Concord, only to be near him. The adulation of the hero worshipers disgusted Hawthorne, who called them hobgoblins of flesh and blood. 'Never,' he said, 'was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals.'

If you have not read Emerson, now is the eminently proper time to begin. And here, from his essay on 'History' ('Essays, First Series'), are lines to make you proud:

> 'I am owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.'

Emerson was a Unitarian minister. Unitarians, as you doubtless know, believe in one God, and declare that Jesus was the supreme human Authority. Emerson believed passionately in one God, and was a devout admirer of Jesus. But he could not feel that the Galilean was the only and supreme authority. Man's own soul, Emerson said, was the chief revelation of God. Because of his teachings, it became necessary for Emerson to leave his Church, and turn to writing and lecturing for a livelihood.

In no time the world was at his feet. Such a spiritual lecturer there never was. His rich words were 'like gold nails in temples,' James Russell Lowell said, 'to hang trophies on.' His face was radiant and angelic, and his voice was full of beauty and intensest music.

Emerson believed that we cannot think nor reason our way to the truth of the infinite universe. But that if we strive for goodness we will find ourselves moved and influenced by the truth. His creed was simple and very beautiful, and people adored him.

In his old age, the philosopher's memory began to fail him. And when, a month before his own death, he at-

tended Longfellow's funeral, in the spring of 1882, he remarked, 'The gentleman we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name.'

The home of the Antiquarian Society is very lovely. You will like its charming cupboards and beautiful wall-papers, and the small gardens that grow beneath the casement windows. If you are a home-maker, there are ever so many ideas for you to carry away.

Here is Thoreau's room, small and bare as he would have had it. His suit hangs on the wall, and in a corner cupboard are some of his personal things.

Those of you who love Thoreau and have looked forward to seeing the hut where he wrote his famous 'Walden,' will be disappointed to know that it stands no longer. On its site is a mound of stones called the 'Cairn,' heaped by visitors who have added each a stone in memory of the hermit.

It is pleasanter to recall Walden as Thoreau wrote of it, and leave reality alone. For the district now is a picnic ground. Once men came to make a clearing, and it broke Thoreau's heart to see the forest felled. 'Thank God,' he said, 'you cannot cut down the clouds!' Most of the trees he loved are gone, and the good green grass is dry and dusty. If it has pleased you to think of the philosopher in his solitude, keep that picture. For if we go there, I am afraid you will lose what you hold dear.

Thoreau belonged to the group of Concord Philosophers, but he was also a naturalist, and in order to work out certain theories with regard to living, and to study

plant and animal life, he built himself a hut on the shore of Lake Walden. He was a happy hermit, with ideas of his own. He did not, for instance, believe, as other men, in working for a living. When he had built his small home, he made three chairs, 'one for solitude, two for friendship, and three for society.' 'I never found the companion that was so companionable,' he said, 'as solitude.'

He wanted to make his life of equal simplicity and innocence with Nature herself. 'I came to the woods,' he said, 'to live deliberately with only the essential facts of life. I wanted to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why, then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it and publish it to the world. Or if it were sublime, to know it and tell it.'

While Thoreau lived on the shores of Walden, he wrote his greatest book, and called it 'Walden.' In it he explains the purpose of his experiment, and tells of its results.

But even Thoreau could not live without money. Having written the 'Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers,' he must find a publisher. To-day his works are regarded as classics, but the publishers whom he approached were not a sagacious lot. All but one declined to handle his manuscript. And that one agreed to publish only upon condition that Thoreau guarantee the expense, if the books did not pay for themselves. Accordingly one thousand copies were printed, of which a great many were given away, and very few sold. Thoreau had

to work as a surveyor and was four years paying for his first edition. With grim humor he records in his diary, 'I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself.'

From the Antiquarian Society, we will go to Orchard House, the home of the Alcotts for twenty-five years. Here Louisa Alcott wrote 'Little Women.' And here lived Beth and Jo and Meg and Amy — those immortal girls with whom we've laughed and cried. *Please* — if you haven't read 'Little Women,' buy a 'Visitor's Copy' here.

The Alcotts were desperately poor. Louisa's father was a philosopher who longed unselfishly to teach beautiful theories of life, but was so utterly unpractical that he frequently philosophized on a painfully empty stomach. That wouldn't have been so bad, because philosophers often have small appetites. But Bronson Alcott had a wife and four daughters. And Philosophy is tough on a hungry family.

Mrs. Alcott, when things were bad, went to Boston and opened an employment agency, while her husband sent his Soul through the Invisible, seeking Truth, and scorning necessities. Louisa inherited her mother's common sense, and when she was ten years old, she set up as a doll's dressmaker, with a sign out and wonderful models in the window. The dolls and their dresses are still in Orchard House, sitting disconsolately in a glass case. Poor Louisa — she cooked, and scrubbed, and was companion to an invalid lady. She even tried teaching, and all the neighbors sent their children, because every

one loved the Alcotts, and wanted to help them. Mr. Emerson came frequently to call, and always contrived to slip a bill in a book, or under a vase, so that when he had gone, the girls would find it.

You remember how the girls longed for pretty things, but had to wear plain, shabby clothes. And when Christmas came, Jo said, 'Oh, dear, Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents!' But as they loved each other dearly, and laughed instead of crying over their troubles, they managed to have a great deal of fun.

Louisa was sixteen when she was paid five dollars for her first story. And immediately she resolved to spend her whole life writing, so that she could pay her father's bills, and send May ('Amy' in 'Little Women') abroad to study painting. When her book was published, she bought a carpet for the parlor, and a dinner set. For the carpet was worn to a frazzle, and there wasn't a whole dish in the house. It was beautiful china, banded in green, and Miss Alcott's descendants, who still use it for best, have lent a few pieces to Orchard House.

At thirty-six Louisa was famous, but she had contracted a fever nursing Civil War soldiers, and was rather an invalid for the rest of her life. 'Paid up all the debts — thank the Lord! — every penny that money can pay — and now I feel as if I could die in peace,' she wrote in her journal.

More than sixty years have passed since Miss Alcott published 'Little Women,' and it is still a best-seller. Publishers' lists are sometimes a surprising commentary on the taste of a nation. In these days of sex novels,

crime stories, and unwholesome psychosis, it is refreshing to learn that two consistent best-sellers are 'Little Women' and Fannie Farmer's 'Cookbook.' What a volume that speaks for the domesticity of America!

Visit Louisa's room, furnished by relatives exactly as it was when she occupied it. And see the flowers painted on the window-casing. The Alcotts hadn't any money when Louisa came home from the war, feeling so miserably, and so they couldn't buy her any flowers.

'But I'll paint you some!' said May. 'And they'll never, never wither.' So she went to work with her brush, while Louisa watched from the big bed. And here they are to this day — seventy years old, and scarcely faded!

May decorated her own room with all sorts of drawings, preserved now under glass, and still in perfect condition; and there is a closet full of costumes. You remember how Louisa made up plays from their favorite stories, and the girls acted them in the barn, with Mr. Emerson and the Hawthornes and Marmee to watch.

On the living-room mantel is a little bust of Socrates that Mr. Alcott carried in his pocket for inspiration, and you may judge for yourself how much good it did him.

When we leave Orchard House, would you like to visit Grapevine Cottage where old Ephraim Bull produced the first Concord grapes? Nobody ever heard of a fine, cultivated grape, until Mr. Bull went to work, back in 1855, and crossed and cultivated wild vines, until he grew the finest grape that ever was. His nice old house is a Colonial tearoom now, and a delightful place to rest.

If you mean to go to Fruitlands, we will not have time to stop, but if you have decided that Concord and Lexington are enough for one day, we will stroll past Wayside, and then return for tea at Grapevine Cottage.

Do not confuse Wayside with the Inn at Sudbury, which we will visit later. *This* Wayside is another home of Hawthorne's. When he lived in the Old Manse, he was very poor and quite unknown, but by and by his fortunes mended, and he went abroad. Upon his return, he came to Wayside, where the Alcotts had lived for a little while. The Alcotts called the place Hillside, but Hawthorne, who liked to think of himself as sitting by the wayside and watching life go by, renamed it Wayside. The square, full-windowed structure rising above the roof was his tower study. The fields were full of sweet fern and blackberries through which Hawthorne wandered with his 'ownest Phœbe' in the soft dusk of summer evenings.

They were so devoted, those two! Wouldn't you like to hear how they met, and fell in love? Hawthorne's family was poor, and a trifle queer, besides. While the Peabodys were quite *the* people of Salem.

When Nathaniel was only four, his father, who was a sea-captain, died, and the blow practically finished Mrs. Hawthorne. After the funeral she went to her room — and never left it! For more than forty years she lived in solitude, and naturally that was very hard on the children. They grew up practically unloved, and quite neglected. They were poor and proud, and the obloquy of the 'Witch Judge,' who was their ancestor,

weighed heavily upon them. It was this ancestor who had condemned Rebecca Nurse and ordered her hanged as a witch. And the old woman, on the gallows, cursed the Judge, and all his seed forever. And that, you know, might be why Nathaniel grew up so pitifully shy and unhappy.

The Peabodys were the most charming and distinguished people in Salem. They lived in a nice house, quite different from the Hawthornes' ugly place. And they entertained all the literary lights of the day.

Hawthorne, just out of college, was writing for the lesser magazines, and signing himself 'N. Hawthorne.' The Peabodys made inquiries, and learned that the author lived on Herbert Street, so Elizabeth Peabody went to call.

'I have come,' she said, 'to meet Miss Hawthorne, whose genius interests my family.'

'Oh,' said the little slavey, who came to tidy up and answer the door, 'you mean Nathaniel, don't you? He's the only one what writes.'

That was the first intimation the Peabodys had that in their near neighborhood there lived a boy named Nathaniel Hawthorne. Elizabeth left a message, urging Nathaniel to call with his sisters. And next evening the Hawthornes took her at her literal word. Elizabeth went to the door, and there stood — not the awkward youth she expected — but as handsome a man as ever lived! And with him were his two sisters. They spent the evening looking at pictures. And, when they were going, Sophia, who was an invalid, came down in her

wrapper, to sit for a moment on the sofa, and say good-night.

Frail, sweet Sophia! Hawthorne looked at her, with his soul in his eyes. And she told her children, many years afterward, that from that moment he had for her a magnetic attraction, so strong she could never resist it. The irretrievable thing was done! The poor boy and the lovely lady had fallen in love. When they became engaged, Hawthorne rented the Old Manse, as you know, and said it was a place in a million for a honeymoon. Many years later they came to Wayside. It was here Hawthorne died. And here, out of the night of her widowhood, Sophia uttered this cry of Love Triumphant: 'I have no more to ask but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn, as I am comforted. If I could bear all sorrow, I would be glad, because God has turned for me the silver lining, and for me the darkest cloud has broken into ten thousand singing birds....' The Hawthornes believed in the immortality of love, and Sophia knew that her beloved awaited her in fields of asphodel.

CHAPTER VIII

Harvard and Sudbury

There are two reasons for visiting Harvard. One is scenic and the other historical. Beauty lies along our way, and when we reach our destination there is the finest view in Massachusetts. Moreover, there are three museums quite unlike all others. They are the property of Clara Endicott Sears, and perpetuate three lost Utopias. There is the Indian collection, consecrated to the memory of a vanquished race. Square House, where the Shakers lived. And Fruitlands, where Bronson Alcott experimented with Transcendentalism.

Alcott went to Harvard to build a New Eden. Mother Ann came from England to establish the first Shaker Colony in America. Both visions perished. And Miss Sears gathered the fragments and built her repositories — one to perpetuate Alcott's dream — another to preserve the dim tenets of the Shakers.

Miss Sears is one of those Boston Brahmins you hear so much about. On her father's side she is descended from John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, and on her mother's, from Governor John Endicott. There were six other Colonial Governors among her forbears, and many illustrious men besides. So naturally Miss Sears is very proud of her ancestry. As poet and novelist, she continues the traditions of a family

long famous for its scholars. Harvard is her summer home, and on her estate we find the unique museums.

Harvard is ten miles from Concord and thirty miles from Boston. If we go from Concord, we take the Ayer road to Harvard, where a sign points the fragrant, country way. Perhaps, though, you would rather save this trip for another day, in which case I shall not try to route your way because road maps are easily available — and, after all, I do not know your tastes. You may like to buy hot dogs and tonic. You may even have a passion for fried clams, served in a paper bag Maybe you are in the Outdoor Advertising business, and crazy about billboards. Maybe you are a member of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and hate them. So plan your way to suit your soul. And go, as you choose. By roads of filling stations and wayside stands. Or country lanes of meadowed peace.

As you pass Concord Reformatory, it may interest you to know that the Gluecks of Harvard University have set forth some surprising figures about reformatories. Every year institution officials publish reports, declaring that four fifths of the boys eventually become law-abiding citizens. Now the Gluecks have compiled statistics to prove the tables should be reversed. As a matter of fact, four fifths of these boys become criminals, proving that there is something terribly wrong with our penal system. Reformatories, of course, should live up to their names, and actually reform, instead of merely punishing. Perhaps you will see the boys working in the gardens. They do not look like potential

criminals, and it is sad to know that eighty per cent are doomed to criminal careers.

From Harvard Green we take the steep road to Prospect Hill. Before us lies Nashua Valley. Beyond are Mounts Wachusett and Monadnock. The foothills of the White Mountains rise in enchanted bluish haze. It is as if New England had sought one spot to spill her overflowing loveliness, and spread it here, to take our breaths away.

Down the winding path to the foot of the hill nestles the red house called Fruitlands. Here Bronson Alcott came, nearly a hundred years ago, to found his little Eden. It was a tragic and sorrowful experiment, and its failure nearly killed poor, impractical Mr. Alcott. Like many dreamers, he thought it happier to die for Beauty than live for bread, which is a beautiful idea, but not at all popular.

With Mr. Alcott were Charles Lane, the English mystic who financed the movement; a group of earnest pilgrims; and all the Alcott family. Louisa was ten at the time, so that neither she nor her sisters understood the dreadful experience. The house was so crowded they slept all together in the stuffy attic, and Louisa wrote in her diary, 'It rained when we went to bed, and made a pretty noise on the roof.' The children loved the countryside and the pleasant farm life. But it was terribly hard on poor Marmee, who did not share the enthusiasms of Eden's founders.

Alcott and his followers would eat no meat, but lived chiefly on grains and fruit, and that is why they called

the place Fruitlands. There were no animals on the farm, not even a horse. For the basic precept of the community was that neither 'man nor beast should be sacrificed nor made uncomfortable, that others might exist.' Since cotton was the product of slave labor, and wool the result of depriving sheep, they would wear neither cotton nor woolen garments. But planted little mulberry trees for the culture of silkworms. The trees are still growing, though the worms curled up and died.

Emerson used to come here, and Thoreau, and Hawthorne, to philosophize with the Mystics. Miss Sears has placed their pictures on the dining-room wall, and, under them, as if to carry out the illusion that each is about to speak, are original manuscripts of their immortal thoughts. Here is Mrs. Alcott, too. Poor Marmee! She used to say she was only 'the ballast in her husband's balloon.' A visitor once asked if there were no beasts of burden on the farm. Mrs. Alcott shook her head woefully. 'Only one — me,' she said.

The philosophers were good to Marmee, though. They gave her a lamp, so that she could darn their socks and mend their shirts, when her day's work was over. Personally, they did not believe in lamps, since the burning of whale oil violated their views on the use of animal substances. But Marmee said that since the comfort of the spiritual light which exalted the rest of them had been denied her, she didn't know why she couldn't have a more worldly light of her own. There was complete understanding and love between Bronson Alcott and his wife, and we can imagine Marmee smiling

quietly over her little triumph. Whatever you think of Mr. Alcott's philosophy, you must remember that his family adored him, and were loyal in the face of the most soul-searing adversity.

On top of the old highboy in the study sits the bust of Socrates, for nowhere did the Alcotts go that Socrates was not given a place of honor. Besides the bust, the Alcotts had nothing but kitchen utensils and bed linen. All the furniture belonged to Joseph Palmer, who joined the Con-Sociate Family, and when their experiment failed, secured title to Fruitlands, and made it his home until he died. Joseph was not quite so extreme as his brother philosophers. When, finally, the impossibility of spading a ten-acre lot was apparent, he imported a plough and a team of oxen, one of which, according to good authority, was a cow. And Joseph, in the secrecy of the barn, often assuaged the pangs of hunger by robbing this cow of some of her milk, a practice frowned upon by his more spiritually minded brethren.

The most interesting room is the bedroom shared by Mr. and Mrs. Alcott. Marmee's lamp still stands where it always did, and on the table close by is her Bible, so worn we know she must have read it every day. Behind the closet door hangs her black silk apron, and her best embroidered shawl. On the mantel is her purse with its meager contents, and an eloquent slip of paper in Louisa's writing, which reads, 'Mother's purse — just as she left it.'

Here are May's paintings and pencil drawings. One of her father. One of the old Manse. And one of

Thoreau's cabin on Lake Walden, with Thoreau in his boat at the foot of the path. Here is Mr. Alcott's carpet-bag. His spectacles. And a lock of his hair, pasted to a poem written by Louisa, who picked it up from the hearth. Mr. Alcott had long gray locks, and the girls used to trim them for him. On a table is a bust of Louisa, and near by is the last photograph ever taken of her. The man with her is James Murdock, the great tragedian. Many people were surprised that Louisa never married. She adored children, and was so beloved that she might have had her pick and choice of men. But in her diary she tells us that 'liberty is a better husband to many of us, than love.'

Before we leave Fruitlands, you may relish the definition given the Philosophers by a contemporary wit. 'They dove into the Infinite,' the lady said. 'They soared into the Illimitable. And they *never* paid Cash!'

Next is the gray Shaker House, so modest and bare. Mother Ann Lee, having suffered persecution in England, came to Harvard shortly before the American Revolution. For several years she wandered with her followers from place to place, until one summer afternoon she found the answer to her dream. One night in London, Mother Ann dreamed of faces all about her, softly smiling. And when she came to Harvard, she saw the selfsame faces! Interpreting this as a divine symbol, she settled here.

People called the little band Shaking Quakers, and they established themselves in a section of the town, known still as Shaker Village, where their deserted

houses stand like specters. Did you ever read Joyce Kilmer's poem about 'The House With Nobody In It'? It needed new paint and shingles and a dozen panes of glass. But what that house needed most of all was some people living inside. Kilmer felt very strongly about deserted houses.

'Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in the store.
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

'But a house that has done what a house should do, a house that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes could meet.'

That's a sweet verse to remember when you see a poor old house with a broken heart. But the Shakers, as a matter of fact, did not believe in marriage, or babies. They were a stern, repressed lot, so puritanical that they built steps, so the women might dismount from their horses or carriages without the assistance of the brethren. Men and women worked and worshiped together, but were very careful never to touch one another. There were married people in the colony, but they no longer lived together. And their children were brought up to be spinsters and bachelors.

In their worship they sat in silent meditation, until they were seized with a mighty trembling. Sometimes they shook until the very houses trembled. And then they sang and shouted, and ran madly about. But they were good people. Simple, and frugal, and innocent as children.

When you go upstairs, you will be startled to discover that all the time we have been poking around below, the Shakers have been calmly going about their business upstairs. Here is a pretty Shaker maid sitting in front of a black cabinet, waiting for a communication from the spirit world (the Shakers were *really* psychic). Two Elders are reading Scriptures. They look so realistic, here in their home, surrounded by their possessions, that we begin to tiptoe, though we know they are only wax.

The Shakers prepared beautiful cotton, silk, and woolen fabrics. And their handiwork was so fine that every one who could afford it bought a Shaker cape. The brethren were not permitted to smoke, but the Elder in the hallway has a pipe in his hand, for Shakers were human, like everybody else, and they trumped up a story that tobacco was good for asthma. So Mother Ann said that every one who had asthma might smoke, whereupon all the Elders said they had it!

When we leave Shaker House we will visit the Indian Museum to learn something of the Red Men who owned this country before the Pale Faces dreamed of its existence, but, before we go farther, it might be well to refresh our memories. King Philip's War, as everybody

knows, resulted in the subjugation of the Indians. Philip was the Pilgrims' name for Metacom, eldest son of Chief Massasoit, friend of the white men. Philip had a brother, whose real name was Wamsuppa. But the Pilgrims called him Alexander. Alexander died suddenly after a visit with the Pale Faces. And Philip, believing that his brother had been poisoned by his hosts, went, with his General, Anawam, to Mount Wachusett, to consult with a famous medicine man upon the advisability of waging war in revenge.

The medicine man shook his strings of deer hoof. And blew on his bone whistles. And he ramped and roared, until his Sacred Turtle, slumbering in the tent, was frightened, and began snapping at Anawam, in the most vicious fashion. The unfortunate consequence of the turtle's snapping is now a matter of history. For the medicine man said that Sacred Turtles never snapped, unless it was time for battle. Whereupon Philip waged war on the whites. And that was the beginning of the end for the poor Indian.

For sixteen years Philip plotted before the crisis came. In 1674, Sausamon, a converted Indian studying at Harvard, informed Governor Winslow that Philip was hatching fiendish machinations. Philip was summoned, and threatened with the seizure of his arms. He loudly protested his innocence, and was permitted to return to his wigwam. But that night Sausamon met a violent death. And a few days later the storm broke.

King Philip's War lasted a year and a half. Massacre after massacre took place. And the Indians wiped out

whole colonies. Finally, under Captain Benjamin Church, called 'the Myles Standish of the second generation,' Philip was tracked to his lair, and shot. And the war was at an end. Thirteen towns had been destroyed. Six hundred white men killed. And the Indian forever vanquished.

Here are figures in wax commemorating the consultation of King Philip and Anawam with the medicine man on Mount Wachusett. The King is wearing timber-wolfskin, and the medicine man a black bearskin, while Anawam wears a cougar carelessly across his shoulders. For these were the animals that roamed this hill, and theirs the skins the Red Men wore.

One little room, set aside for a shrine, holds the grave of a prehistoric Indian. At his side lies his bowl for food; at his feet his water jug. Close by the bones of his hand rest his tomahawk and adze blade. Centuries past, the Great Spirit summoned his soul to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

> 'Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
> His soul proud Science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walk or milky way.'

Twilight is beautiful in Fruitlands, but we must leave Utopia before the purple shadows fall, else it will be dusk when we reach Wayside.

Of course you have heard of Wayside, in Sudbury. Longfellow immortalized the place in his 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.' And Henry Ford bought it, to preserve it forever. He and Mrs. Ford spent a week-end here,

and so many Fords went honking past, that they decided to build a mile-long road some two hundred yards from their doorway. That cost them more than the Inn did. But Mr. Ford knows there is nothing murders peace like tourists in Fords. Besides, the constant jar of heavy trucks lumbering past was shaking the old place to pieces. The new road helps maintain the traditional quiet of the hostelry. And to further the proper atmosphere, Mr. Ford has purchased a flock of sheep.

Wayside (closed on Sundays) is a delightful place to spend a night. There are four rooms available and no reservations made in advance. You may, however, telephone in the morning, and ask if you may have a room that night. First telephone, first served — hundreds are turned away every day. From Thanksgiving until Christmas, dinners are cooked (on order) in the great kitchen fireplace, and spread on the kitchen table.

Wayside was built in 1686, and operated as an inn by successive generations of Howes for one hundred and seventy-five years. In 1860, the last of the landlords died, and the hostelry passed into other hands. Sixty years later, Mr. Ford acquired possession, and began to trace the original furnishings. All over New England he hunted and found, not all, but a surprising number.

Wayside was known in olden days as Red Horse Tavern —

> '... half effaced by rain and shine,
> The Red Horse prances on the sign.'

Longfellow once made a stage-coach journey from Boston to Albany, and stopped at the Tavern.

'One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight...'

The stage-coach drew up to the door, and Lyman Howe, the landlord, came to greet his guests.

'As ancient was his hostelry,
As any in the land might be —]
A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams.'

Howe led his guests to the parlor, where there was a roaring fire in the old fireplace. The splendor of its ruddy glow 'touched Princess Mary's pictured face, and crowned the somber clock with flame.'

Mr. Ford's agents spent a whole year looking for that picture of Princess Mary. And they searched the country for the 'somber clock.' Until at last, they found them both. The clock is lacquered black, and was made in London in the reign of Victoria, who grieved so for her lamented spouse that England went in mourning with her Queen, and painted its furniture black! (Mid-Victorian — what a dreadful epitaph! Ugly furniture — prosy conventions — stilted literature — everything we despise we call 'Mid-Victorian.') Still, it's a nice old clock. It went at auction, with the rest of the furnishings, when Lyman Howe died, and Mr. Ford's collectors found it in Dedham.

There are guides to take you from room to room, and make your visit memorable, so I shan't try to enumerate the pleasures in store for you. Only be sure you see the

window-pane with its jovial rhyme scratched before the Revolution by Major Molineaux. In the Major's day, it was quite the thing to have a diamond ring. And, to prove it was *really* a diamond, people went around marking glass. The Major was a genial soul, and liked his toddy, and one night, when he was feeling good, he sat in the window-seat, and scratched these lines on the pane at his elbow:

'What do you think?
Here is good drink!
Perhaps you may not know it.
If not in haste
Do stop and taste!
Your merry pranks will show it.'

Lafayette came to Wayside when Molineaux was here, and found the Tavern charming. 'The host and hostess sit at table,' he wrote his wife, 'and do the honors of a comfortable meal, and on going away you pay your fare without higgling.' And Brissot, another traveler, said: 'You meet with neatness, dignity and decency, the chambers neat, the beds good, the sheets clean, supper excellent, cyder, tea, punch — and all for 14 pence a head.'... Alackaday! The good old times!

Besides re-creating the Tavern, Mr. Ford has built a grist-mill, to grind wheat and corn as it did in Colonial days.

Near by is Bill Parmenter's old store, moved bodily from Sudbury Center. Mr. Parmenter had one of the last 'general stores' in New England, and when Mr.

Ford saw it, he coveted it as he does all antiques. There was a pot-bellied old stove, like an echo of yesterday. A high stool, and desk for the bookkeeper. A box of sawdust, and a barrel of smoked herring. Buying a store doesn't mean any more to Mr. Ford than picking up a bit of pewter does to the ordinary antique hound. So he ordered it on the spot, and now he is shopping for a genuine old-fashioned New England storekeeper.

Not far from the store is a little red schoolhouse hiding in the shadow of the woods. This is the schoolhouse to which Mary's lamb followed her one day. There *was* a Mary, you know, and there *was* a lamb. And the walls of the ancient schoolroom echo to songs and lessons to-day, just as they did when Mary was a little girl.

Mary's other name was Sawyer, and she married a man named Taylor, and lived to be eighty-three years old. She brought her lamb up on a bottle, and washed it every day, and combed its wool, and tied its fleecy curls with ribbons. And the lamb wore pantalets, and a little plaid shawl, and everywhere that Mary went, that lamb was sure to go.

'He followed her to school one day:
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb in school.

'And so the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.'

Poor little lamb! One day a cow gored it, and it ran to Mary with the blood streaming from its side.

'I took it in my arms,' she said, 'and placed its head in my lap, and there it bled to death. During its dying moments it would turn its little head and look at me with the most appealing manner, as if asking if there was not something I could do. All summer I grieved for my pet, and its place in my childish heart was never filled.'

CHAPTER IX

Plymouth and the South Shore

Driving to Plymouth we pass so many historic spots that, if we stopped to visit them all, we would be late at our journey's end. If you are going to the Cape, it would be pleasant to plan a leisurely trip, loitering *en route*, and saving a full day for Plymouth, which is on the way. If that is impracticable, we must start very early, since Plymouth is forty miles from Boston, and there are places on the way too fine to miss.

In Quincy are the homes of the Adamses, father and son. John Adams was the second President of the United States, and his son, John Quincy, was the sixth. They were born in little red houses, with lilacs at their doors. One is a stone's throw from the other, and both are worth a call. The Adamses must have been poor in those days, because the cottages are quite humble. But John was a rising young lawyer, and he made money when he started mixing in politics. After the Revolution, he became Ambassador to England, and while in London arranged for the purchase of a mansion in Quincy. The old Vassall House was vacant, and the Adamses knew a good thing when they saw it. John wrote his son about it, and said they would call the place Peace Fields, because of the treaty which he had helped negotiate with England.

Now, Leonard Vassall was an Englishman who owned a plantation in the West Indies, where it is wonderful in winter, but very hot in summer. And the Vassalls wanted a cooler place from May until October. They talked about the English countryside, but finally decided that Quincy was nicer than anywhere in England. Mr. Vassall sent an enormous quantity of mahogany from San Domingo, and built the most beautiful home in America. After the custom of the tropics, food was cooked in a separate house in the rear, where the servants lived. And all about was a beautiful garden, laid out in English fashion, and full of exotic plants from San Domingo. The finest room in the house was paneled with mahogany, and overlooked the garden, and for two hundred years that room has been cool in summer and sunny in winter.

When the Revolution broke out, the Vassalls, who were loyal to the King, were obliged to flee, and their property was confiscated. John Adams, in London, thought of his humble home in Quincy, and the deserted Vassall Mansion. And he said to himself, 'It's much too good for a Tory. But it will make a fine home for the Adamses.'

He made a settlement with Leonard Vassall Borland, grandson of the original owner, and in 1787 took possession of the house known now as the Adams Mansion. For four generations the Adamses lived here and recently the surviving members of the family decided to maintain the place as a memorial.

It is historically interesting, but somehow I can't

warm up to the Adamses. In the first place, President Adams had Mr. Vassall's beautiful mahogany room painted white, which was a sacrilege. (His grandson renovated the room in 1850, and restored the paneling to its natural color, but it simply went to show how little æsthetic appreciation the President had.) Besides, I don't like their portraits. They look very pompous. And their house hasn't the ancient dignity of many old places. If I were you, and had time for only one house in Quincy, I should go to the Quincy homestead, and never mind the Adamses'.

But the city is worth another visit, and perhaps you will make time for everything. In that case, read 'The Education of Henry Adams' before you come. Henry was the grandson of John Quincy Adams, and has written delightfully of the old people whom he visited when he was a little boy.

The house seems to me rather cluttery and middle-class, but that is a personal reaction, and rather stupid, perhaps, because there certainly wasn't anything middle-class about the high and mighty Adamses.

In the dining-room are splendid portraits of George and Martha Washington, and people who knew George said it looks exactly like him then before he lost his teeth. Paintings then were not a great deal more expensive than photography is to-day. The receipts of the Washington portraits are pasted on the back, and they cost $46.66. All over the house are portraits. They make me think of what Oliver Wendell Holmes had to say about family. 'I go for the man,' he said, 'with the

gallery of family portraits against the one with the 25-cent daguerreotypes — unless I find out that the last is the better of the two.' Holmes maintained the right of strict social discrimination of all persons, according to their merits, native or acquired. 'In most relations of life, I prefer a man of family,' he said. And his idea of family is perfectly epitomized by these Adams portraits — four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen, two Presidents and an Ambassador, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a Governor or so, and a few distinguished essayists. Paintings by Copley and Trumbull, and Stuart. Full-blown gentlemen, warmed up with the best of India Madeira. Ladies with high waists and remarkable busts. Stiffish dames. And adorable children. Oh — the Adamses are men of family — no doubt about that.

Almost all the ladies and gentlemen who sat for their portraits wore wigs, which was quite unhygienic, for they were horrid things made of human hair, goats' hair, cows' tails, and any number of odds and ends. They were heavy and hot, and itched and hurt. And they were very expensive, sometimes costing more than a hundred dollars. Smart people owned eight or ten wigs, and the upkeep was a considerable item. Even the little children wore them.

After you have read Henry Adams's description of his grandmother, 'more remote and decorative than the President,' you will want to see her room with the Dutch tiles and the little cradle made by the village undertaker.

Then visit the garden, planned, they tell us, by Mrs. Vassall two hundred years ago. There is a Yorkist rose tree that was planted by Abigail Adams in 1788, and blooms in June

> 'As though her own hand from the Mystery
> Wrote for all earth to see
> Upon a beauteous living scroll her brief
> For Immortality.'

Near the Adams Mansion is the old Quincy homestead, where Dorothy Q. was born. When Dorothy was a little girl, she had her portrait painted, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, admiring it one day, wrote a poem I'm sure you've heard:

> 'O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.! —
> Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
> Such a gift as never a king
> Save to daughter or son might bring —
> . . . . . .
> 'What if a hundred years ago
> Those close-shut lips had answered No,
> When forth the tremulous question came
> That cost a maiden her Norman name?
> . . . . . .
> 'Should I be I, or would it be
> One tenth another, to nine tenths me?'

Outside of the verse, Dorothy has no particular claim to fame. It was her niece — the girl John Hancock married — whom we know best. The second Dorothy Q. was a great belle and a notorious heart-breaker. Her portrait is in the downstairs hall, but it really didn't do her justice. She had so many suitors she hardly knew what to do with them, and her parents breathed a sigh of

relief when finally they married her off to John Hancock, who was the smartest, handsomest young man in the Colony, and adored the ground she walked on. Once, when John was calling, he scratched a note to Dorothy on the window-pane, with his diamond. And there it still is. 'Dear Cutie [*it looks* like Cutie], You I love, and you alone.'

Dorothy was twenty-eight when she was married, which was *very* old. A contemporary historian writes of an 'ancient maid' of twenty-five. Spinsters were called 'thornbacks,' which was an odious name, and they wore little shawls, and sat in corners and knit. And everybody felt a sort of pitying contempt for them, because nobody had ever asked to marry them. But Dorothy was different. She was the first gay spinster in America — an old maid from choice rather than necessity. John courted her for years. And so did every gallant roundabout. The old place (it was old even then) was always full of young people.

The Quincys were a splendid family, renowned for hospitality. To visit their home is to appreciate the gracious living of the eighteenth century. Everything is beautiful. The rooms are spacious. The furniture stately. And there is an ineffable charm to sanctify its loveliness. A pleasant hostess is here, to make your visit memorable — a gracious lady who chats of John and Dorothy as though they were her children. Ask her to tell you of the trout that Agnes Surriage caught in the stream that flows by the kitchen door, and how Dorothy Q. cried when Lafayette greeted her.

When you go, see the 'booby-hut' in the yard, that John and Dorothy rode in when they were married. There was a great deal of grandeur in those days, and as 'booby-huts' went, Hancock's was the best in town. But they never could have made the trip in it we are going to make to-day.

Leaving Quincy we drive to Hingham, a venerable town. From here our trip grows picturesque. Lovely elms. Ancestral homes with hidden gardens. Brooding graveyards. And beautiful meeting-houses on neat, sweet greens. From Hingham the road meanders through Cohasset. And here we must find Jerusalem Road, for a gorgeous view of tawny ledges tumbling out to sea. Jerusalem leads, properly enough, to Egypt. If the ramblers are blooming, we will drive past Dreamwold, home of the late Thomas W. Lawson, notorious financier, who planted miles and miles of roses, and buried his beloved wife in the garden. Cohasset is a darling town, with green-and-white Cape Cod cottages sitting primly under wineglass elms. Her Common is one of the prettiest in New England. And people come from far and wide to hear Cohasset's carillon chimes.

'As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes.'

Scituate is the home of the original Old Oaken Bucket, from which travelers still quench their thirst.

Samuel Woodworth, who immortalized it, was a newspaper man, who wandered from his father's peaceful home to Bohemian circles in New York. In company with boon companions, he was drinking one night in a bar. Setting his glass on the table, he smacked his lips and declared he'd never tasted a drink so good.

'You have, Sam,' contradicted his friend.

'Where?' demanded Woodworth.

'How about the sparkling spring water from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well at Scituate?'

No one spoke. Remembrances of childhood filled their hearts. Woodworth pushed his glass away, and presently he paid his check, and left the place. He was working then on 'The Mirror.' At midnight he lounged into the office. Half an hour later he tossed some copy on the editor's desk.

'Drinking to-night,' he said, 'with some chaps in the barroom and got feeling sentimental.'

'The Mirror' had the modern viewpoint about human interest and printed the verses. They went like wildfire. Some one set them to music, and all America began to hum —

> 'The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.'

Woodworth has been dead nearly a hundred years, but we still pay homage to the spot that inspired one of the most beautiful songs America has ever sung:

> 'How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
> When fond recollection presents them to view!
> The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew —
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.'

After Scituate, comes Marshfield, famous for a number of things. Now, personally, I love houses. Maybe I talk too much about them. So, lest I bore you, I'll only say that if you love them, too, visit the Winslow House.

Daniel Webster's home was in Marshfield. But I do not suggest stopping, because Webster's own house was burned more than fifty years ago, and only his garden study spared. The big rambling place called 'Webster's home' was built by his son on the ashes of the old house. But those big elms were planted by Daniel himself, at the birth of his son Edward and his daughter Julia. During all his life, the great statesman referred to them gently as 'brother' and 'sister.' Whenever a beautiful thing happened to him, Webster planted a tree to mark the event. It was one of his most picturesque customs, and a lovely one, I think.

Webster loved animals, particularly oxen and horses. When his horses died, he buried them 'with honor' — that is, standing upright, with their halters and shoes on. And above them he placed this epitaph:

'Siste Viator! Viator te major hic sistit.'

(Which means, 'Pause, Traveler! A greater traveler than you lies here.')

In another corner of the field Webster chose his own burial spot. It was Stevenson who wrote this requiem and epitaph, but I think it suits Webster well:

'Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

'This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies, where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."'

I suppose you have heard about how, when Webster lay dying, he whispered to the mourners, 'I still live.' And because they were religious people, they thought he was giving them a sign of eternity. A recent biographer, dispelling the familiar interpretation, tells us that Webster coveted the experience of death, and desired to embark on the Great Adventure in full possession of his faculties. He was suffering horribly, and, fearful lest the doctors give an opiate to ease him on his way, he spent his dying breath to prove his consciousness.

From Marshfield we pass through Duxbury, quaint and sweet and spotless. In the Old Colony are four houses, at each of the four corners of the main village crossroad. Each is typically New England, yet each is quite different from the other three. The village has an ancient charm more suggestive of Pilgrim days than Plymouth. And nowhere will you find four houses

dearer than these, so modest behind their little picket fences.

John Alden's son came here from Plymouth, and built a nice place, and invited John and Priscilla to come and live with him. He gave them a bedroom off the kitchen, and made them so comfortable that they spent the last of their days in Duxbury. The house still stands, but (just between ourselves) it isn't much like it used to be. Visit it if you wish. And, if you like, you may go to the Standish place up in the woods.

Myles Standish died in Duxbury, and was buried with his two wives in the little cemetery. Near him rest Priscilla and John Alden, whom he loved with all his heart. On Captain's Hill, three hundred feet above the Bay, is the Myles Standish Monument, and his grave is marked by four cannon and a great boulder. All these are interesting, but if we are to return to-night from Plymouth, we must be on our way.

Next we reach Kingston, where the Bradford House sits at a crossroads, embraced by an old grapevine, and resting in the dappled shade of fine old elms. This house was built in 1674, and once belonged to Major John Bradford, grandson of the Governor who wrote that priceless 'History of the Plimouth Plantation,' that we saw in the State House. I think I told you that the precious manuscript is our sole source of authentic information from 1606 (when the Pilgrims went to Holland) until 1646.

The papers, written in Governor Bradford's fine old hand, with some childish scribblings by little Mercy

Bradford on the cover, passed successively to his son, and grandson. It was the grandson who lent them to the Reverend Thomas Prince to assist him in his 'History of New England.' For three generations, whenever any one wanted to know anything about the early days of the Pilgrims, they borrowed the Bradford manuscript, and the wonder is it never was lost before. Dr. Prince begged that he might deposit it in the library of the Old South Meeting-House, and there it remained for half a century, still in manuscript form, and frequently referred to by scholars. We know what happened when the Old South was looted. And we know how historians searched for years and years, and mourned its loss, until, at last, it was discovered tucked away in the Bishop's Fulham Palace.

As we stand at Bradford's door, and look across the meadows, to the lovely tidal river that winds through the marshes to the sea, we know those old Pilgrims chose well the sites whereon they built.

Plymouth is only four miles away, so plan your time accordingly. This is such a pleasant place, I know you will want to linger, but the historic highlights of our trip are still before us.

First of all, you will probably want to see Plymouth Rock. It lies on the exact spot where the Pilgrims landed and there seems to be doubt as to its identity. Once in 1746, the town fathers decided to clean up the beach. Then down to the shore tottered old John Faunce, a hundred if he was a minute. Mr. Faunce related the story of the Rock as told him by his father

and his father's father. From youth he had venerated that Rock as sacred. It was consecrated, he said, by the touch of Pilgrim feet. And to move it would be a sin and a shame. Mr. Faunce was so eloquent that every one agreed, and left it where it was. So from one generation to another it was pointed out. Until, in 1920, the Colonial Dames of America built a monumental canopy for its everlasting protection.

Above the Rock is Cole's Hill. Here, in the dead of night, during that first sad winter, nearly half the Mayflower passengers were buried. On their graves the survivors sowed grain, so that the Indians could not know it was a burying ground, nor guess the extent of their losses. At various times bones have been unearthed, and finally they were all gathered together, and interred in a great mausoleum, on which is engraved the names of those who died. Near by is a splendid statue of Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags.

One day, about the middle of March in 1621, there came walking down the principal street of the Plymouth settlement a solitary Indian, who advanced boldly and called out, in English, 'Welcome.' He was naked except for a girdle and a string of beads, and he carried only a bow and two arrows. He walked straight to the Common House, quite as if he were a regular visitor, and started to enter. The women screamed, and the children ran and hid. And every one started paging Captain Myles Standish. Then the Indian explained in broken English that his name was Samoset, and that he did not belong in that region, but came from an island off the

coast between the Kennebunk and Penobscot Rivers, and that he had learned his English from Englishmen engaged in fishing there. He had come, he said, to make friends. Then the Pilgrims invited him in, and fed him well. A few days later, he called again with some more Indians, and was entertained once more. The third time he came, he brought a friend called Squanto, who was destined to be an invaluable friend of the Colony. Squanto, by the way, had been kidnaped some years before by an unprincipled rascal named Hunt, a master of one of Captain John Smith's ships in the 1614 voyage of exploration. Hunt first tried to rob Smith of his plans, and leave him on a desert island to starve. Then he kidnaped a party of Indians and took them to Spain, where he sold them into slavery. A kinder captain returned Squanto to the land of his birth. But the Indians were naturally pretty suspicious of white men after that.

One day Squanto came to tell the Pale Faces that the Great Chief Massasoit was on his way, with many warriors, to pay a ceremonial visit. Sure enough, in about an hour, a stalwart savage (looking for all the world like Mr. Dallin's statue) appeared on Watson's Hill, followed by sixty red men, practically naked. Myles Standish sent all the women into the house, and then nobody knew what to do next. The colonists were not willing that their Governor should go among savages. And the savages would not permit their Chief to venture among Pale Faces. Then Squanto showed up, and was dispatched with a message. Massasoit asked

that an envoy be sent to confer with him. Edward Winslow was chosen for this important mission, and departed with gifts — a pair of knives for Massasoit, and a chain with a jewel in it. For the Chief's brother, Quadequina, he carried another knife, and a jewel to hang in his ear. The Indians were very polite, and received their gifts gravely. Then the Pilgrims placed cushions on a green rug, and prepared to receive Massasoit, who was also bearing gifts. They broke bread together, and smoked a pipe of peace. And, by and by, they concluded a treaty of peace which lasted for fifty years, to be broken by Massasoit's son, Philip. They agreed never to harm each other. And if they did, they were to be sent to their own people for punishment. If any others made war, they were to be each other's ally. And when they visited, they promised to leave their bows and arrows and muskets at home.

This treaty, made in all sincerity by both parties, is one of the most picturesque incidents in American history. Massasoit, sitting on his cushions, with a chain of bones about his neck, a bag of tobacco hanging down behind, and a knife dangling on his chest, must have been a great sight. His head and face were oiled so that 'hee looked greasily,' and the chronicler tells us that, as a result of the strong drink served, he 'sweat all the while after.' His followers' faces were painted with many colors. Some wore skins. And some were entirely naked. The Pilgrims, clad in homespun, were pitifully haggard and emaciated. It would not have been hard for the Indians to gain the upper hand then.

Voltaire, commenting on William Penn's treaty with the Indians, says: 'It was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified with an oath and the only one that was never broken!' Yet here in Plymouth a treaty was made, long before Penn was born, which was ratified by no oath, nor was it broken during the lifetime of any of the contracting parties.

After you have wandered over Cole's Hill, you probably will be ready for luncheon. There are hotels and many tearooms. At Polly Darling's we eat on the porch overlooking old-fashioned flower gardens. Many of the tearooms are also antique shops, where we sit on Hickok chairs and eat from Staffordshire china. Schoolteachers like to go to Tabitha Plasket's house, because they have heard that Tabitha was the first schoolmarm in New England. As a matter of fact, she wasn't. But they serve good food in the old house, and if Mrs. Plasket was not the first teacher, I am sure she was the most picturesque. While the children recited, she used to do her spinning. When they were bad, she would pass a skein of yarn under their arms, and hang them on pegs. Needlework was a passion with Tabitha, and she taught any number of stitches. Her pupils were so proficient that one little miss could knit the alphabet and a verse of poetry into a single pair of mittens. People used to criticize the widow for teaching so much embroidery and so little Latin. And when she was dying she wrote an epitaph that reads like this:

'Adieu, vain world, I've seen enough of thee;
And I am careless what thou say'st of me;
Thy smiles I wish not,
Nor thy frowns I fear,
I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here.'

Tabitha sleeps on Burial Hill, with so many famous folk that perhaps you would like to visit there.

Collections of curious old epitaphs have been made and printed. But they seem dull, I think, on the printed page. And the warning words lose all their power unless we read them from some sad gravestone. Take Elizabeth Savery, dead a hundred years — and this is on her stone:

'Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so will you be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.'

Joseph Bartlett had the same idea, and when he died in 1703, he bade his son carve this verse upon his slab:

'Thousands of years after blest Abel's fall,
'Twas said of him, being dead he speaketh yet;
From silent grave methinks I hear a call —
Pray, fellow mortals, don't your death forget.
You that your eyes cast on this grave,
Know you a dying time must have.'

Many of the inscriptions are touching from their simplicity. On the stone of a little child we read:

'He glanced into our world to see
A sample of our miserie.'

Near by lies a woman with an infant at her side:

'Come, view the seen, 'twill fill you with surprise,
Behold the loveliest form in nature died;
At noon she flourished, blooming, fair and gay;
At evening an extended corpse she lay.'

Leaving the graves of the Pilgrims, we will go to Pilgrim Hall. Fifty years ago Mr. Stickney came from Baltimore to visit Plymouth, and discovered that there was no adequate museum for Pilgrim relics.

'What if Peregrine White's cradle burned up!' exclaimed Mr. Stickney. 'Or some one stole Governor Bradford's Bible! I'll rebuild the Museum, and make it fireproof.'

The town fathers were delighted, and accepted Mr. Stickney's gift, and now the precious relics are safe forever. Be sure you see the baptismal shirt and mittens worn by Governor Bradford, when he was christened in England in 1588. And the little caps and bibs worn by Peregrine White, who was born in the cabin of the Mayflower, November 20, 1620. The next day the Mayflower dropped anchor in Provincetown Harbor, and Mrs. White was heartbroken because Peregrine hadn't waited a little, so that he might have been the first white child born in America. Before the Pilgrims left Holland, the Whites picked up a Dutch cradle in Leyden, and that is here, too.

You may have wondered how so much furniture was carried on the Mayflower. There were one hundred Pilgrims, and each was permitted to take from eight to twelve pieces of furniture, to act as ballast. That is how Governors Winslow and Carver and Elder Brewster

happened to bring their big chairs, and the Whites half their household goods (all shown now in Pilgrim Hall).

Mr. White, by the way, died that first winter, leaving Mrs. White and Peregrine to get along as best they could. Fortunately for Mrs. White, Edward Winslow's wife died about the same time. In those days it was very embarrassing and hampering to be unmarried. How could a man live in a new land without a wife? There were no housekeepers — and he would not have been allowed to have one if there were. What could a woman do among uncultivated lands without a husband? The colonists married early, and they married often. Winslow was a widower seven weeks, and Mrs. White a widow scarcely twelve, when they joined their families and themselves in mutual benefit, if not in mutual love. Susanna White Winslow was a dressy lady, and wore, on occasions, white satin slippers, and a little cape to match. Here they are in the glass case under her second husband's portrait. This portrait, by the way, is the only authentic one of a Pilgrim Father which has come down to us. It was painted in London in 1651, after Winslow had twice served the colonists as Governor, and had gone to England for a visit. Returning to America, four years later, he died and was buried at sea.

Another Pilgrim who very nearly died at sea was John Howland. Young Howland was washed overboard from the Mayflower and fished up with a boat hook. He almost died of cold and shock, but survived to live many years in the Colony, and be the progenitor of

a family which still looms large in Plymouth history, because of a fine old house that bears their name. Howland House was built in 1666, and is one of the places you really ought to see.

It was quite a mansion for those days. At first, the houses were made of logs, and thatched with wild grass. There were seven log cabins that first winter, with split logs for floors, and oiled paper instead of window glass. There are none of them left, for they were only temporary. Within a few years materials and workmen arrived from England, and more permanent building began. See, also, the William Harlow House, built in 1677. These two are the oldest standing in Plymouth, and eloquent of the life of their time.

The ample kitchen was the center of the family life. Here around the rough table, seated on stools or benches, they gathered for their evening meal. Bean porridge or hasty pudding, most likely — and nothing more. But they thanked God for it, and read the Bible when supper was done. Afterward they barred the shutters, and went about their evening's work. Idleness was a crime in those days. On the settle sat the revered grandam, knitting stockings, and rocking the cradle with her foot. There was *always* a cradle. Fifteen to twenty children were quite the common quota. Twins had cradles with hoods at both ends, and we see so many double-hooded cradles, that we know there must have been plenty of twins. But tender babies never lived through their cruel winter christenings, and we never hear of these twins growing up. Parsons believed in infant immersion,

and practiced it until so many babies died of being baptized that they simply had to stop. Besides being baptized in ice water, the babies were fed on brown bread and warm beer. If they had rickets, they were given crushed snails and earthworms. Almost as soon as they could talk, they were made to memorize Psalms and Scripture. And their childhood was so gloomy and repressed that, sometimes, they grew up into unwholesome creatures like Nathaniel Mather, who lived in sanctity, and 'never slubbered over prayers,' but said them in his sleep. And fasted. And made long lists of sins, and 'chewed on excellent sermons.'

Nathaniel wrote thus in his diary: 'When very young I went astray from God, and my mind was altogether taken with vanities and follies: such as the remembrance of them doth greatly abase my soul within me. Of the manifold sins of which I was guilty of, none so sticks upon me as that, being very young, I was *whittling* on the Sabbath-Day; and for fear of being seen, I did it behind the *door*. A great *reproach* of God! A specimen of that atheism I brought into the world with me!'... (It is satisfactory to add that Nathaniel died before he was nineteen.)

Big families were useful, for there was a great deal of work to do. While grandam knit, the goodwife spun. And the grandsire and the goodman spent the long evenings whittling dishes, and ox-bows, wooden shovels and yokes. While the boys shelled corn, or pounded it into samp or hominy. And the little girls sewed.

Pilgrim children had the most singular names! Pre-

served, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Unite, Supply, Experience, and Waitstill were all brothers and sisters. They lived here in Plymouth, and their fireplace was so big that Supply had to drive a horse into the kitchen, to drag the huge back log. What a long cry it is from those kitchen fireplaces and immense families, to the kitchenette and one-child family of to-day!

Before we go farther, it might be well to review hastily the story of the Pilgrims. A great many people confuse them with the Puritans, who settled Boston ten years after the arrival of the Mayflower. The Pilgrims were Separatists. They came to America for freedom to worship God. They were Separatists from the Anglican Prayer Book, the Queen Elizabeth Episcopacy, and all national churches. The Puritans, on the other hand, were Nationalists, and believed in the union of Church and State.

The Pilgrims were plain, common people. Workmen, laborers, and tenant farmers. They lacked the mind and character that produce great political leaders and captains of industry. The Puritans were usually men of means, and title, and University degrees. They brought wealth to America, and elaborate household goods, and servants. Pilgrims were pledged to work for seven years to pay those who had lent money for their passage. They appeal to the romantic imagination of men and poets, because they were young and very brave. The Puritans, older and sterner, were intolerant and merciless. Eventually, the two came together to fight their common enemies. First, the Indi-

ans. Then the English. And so, in the course of time, they were blended into a type known as American.

For more than sixty years, Massachusetts consisted of two distinct colonies. Two centers of life and influence. Plymouth and Boston are separated geographically by only forty miles, but in every other respect they were far apart. There is a rather poor joke that emphasizes the distinction between Pilgrims and Puritans and goes like this: When the Puritans came over, they fell upon their knees — while the Pilgrims fell upon the aborigines. Now, that isn't quite true, but it helps to show the difference there was between them.

The Separatists, persecuted in England, went to Holland, a country most hospitable to heretics. They spent twelve months in Amsterdam, and then went to Leyden, where they remained for eleven years. Their little boys grew up and married pretty Dutch maids. And English girls were falling in love with stalwart Dutchmen. If the Separatists were to preserve their identity, they must find another land. Else, in another generation, they would be more Dutch than English. The ideal solution, of course, was to seek a virgin country. But that would take money, and capital was scarce. For three years they sought funds, until finally some seventy 'Adventurers' offered to subscribe the necessary capital. But on terms so strict that the products of the Pilgrims' toil had to be divided in such a way that the ninety-two adult passengers who crossed the Atlantic could hope for little over one eightieth part of the product of their toil.

It was with the money subscribed on these harsh terms that the Speedwell was bought, and the Mayflower chartered. The colonists were to sail on the Speedwell. The Mayflower was to follow with provisions and stores.

The last day which the Separatists passed in Leyden was spent at the minister's, fasting and praying. Four days of fair wind carried them to England, where their boats were waiting at Southampton. Also waiting was John Weston, moving spirit of the harsh financiers. Weston was pretty nasty about getting some signatures, and there was much heated discussion. Finally, becoming very angry, Weston told them to stand on their own legs, and departed for London without paying one hundred pounds owing on the Mayflower. The poor Pilgrims had to sell their precious butter to raise money to clear port. It is pathetic, when you know the wilderness to which they came, and how scarce food was, to think of them parting with their good butter.

When they sailed, at last, the Speedwell proved unseaworthy, and they had to put back, where those who were still of good courage transferred to the Mayflower, which made things overcrowded and uncomfortable. The captain was coarse and brutal. And once, in the middle of the ocean, one of the main beams was found to be bowed, and it was thought the boat would have to turn back. For sixty-five days the Pilgrims sailed into the Unknown. And they were hungry and cold and miserable.

You have heard, of course, of the Mayflower Pact.

but I wonder if you appreciate its significance. The patent of the colonists was for Virginia, but Captain Jones took them, instead, to Massachusetts Bay. When they discovered that their patent was thereby worthless, they decided to bind the company together by a voluntary compact, founded on the will of the people, and signed by the forty-one men of the band. John Quincy Adams, writing of the Mayflower Pact, has said that heretofore settlers had contented themselves with the powers conferred upon them by their respective countries. But the Pilgrims, in signing the compact, 'became a nation.'

Do you know how very young these Pilgrim Fathers were? John Alden was just twenty-one. Edward Winslow and William Bradford, who became Governors, were twenty-five and thirty-one. In all the company there were only nine who were over forty.

The colonists did not come directly to Plymouth, but anchored first off Provincetown. There is a good deal of rivalry between Plymouth and Provincetown, and Provincetown insists that we remember it was there the Pilgrims first landed. To refresh our memory, they have built a monument on top of a hill. 'So high,' they say, 'that they at Plymouth can see it.'

The Pilgrims stayed in Provincetown for a month, while the men explored the land. They set out from the Mayflower in a small shallop, and were gone three days, during which it snowed and rained, and they nearly lost their lives. At last they found refuge in Plymouth Bay, and anchored under shelter of an

island. When the storm had stopped, they returned to the Mayflower, and recommended this spot for settlement. Then the Mayflower sailed from Provincetown Harbor to Plymouth Bay, and the Pilgrims came ashore.

When that first terrible winter came to an end, fifty-one had died. And the living were so weak, they could scarce bury their dead. At first they crowded under a single roof. But by the end of the first summer, there was a tiny village street (called Leyden then, and now), with seven huts built, and more going up. Twenty-six acres had been cleared and a harvest gathered. There was plenty of venison and wild turkey and fish. And when provisions and fuel had been laid in for the following winter, Governor Bradford appointed a day of thanksgiving, and invited the Indians to come and share the feast. Massasoit and ninety followers showed up with five roast deer, which must have helped out. But I feel so sorry for those overworked, homesick women and the pathetic handful of little children, who had to tidy up and wash the dishes. Probably they were frightened to death of the Indians, who were decked out in holiday paint and feathers and fur, and carried tomahawks, and became quite drunk.

After that, Thanksgiving became an annual holiday in New England, which even the Puritans observed. And the Puritans, you know, hated holidays. Particularly Christmas, which smacked 'of incense, and stole, and Popish jargon.'

The Puritans were so stern and intolerant that it is

difficult to credit some of the stories that have come down to us. Can you, for instance, imagine people, who wouldn't celebrate Christmas, practicing bundling?... 'Bundling,' says the dictionary, 'is lying or sleeping together in the same bed without undressing.' Sometimes they called it 'tarrying.' It was certainly a strange habit for so austere and virtuous a colony. Historians tell us, however, that it did not arise from a low state of morals, but from the peculiar conditions under which courting was done. The houses were small and crowded. And people hated to waste either light or fuel. Courtships were unsatisfactory, because young people had little privacy, and almost no leisure. There was no secrecy about bundling, nor thought of concealment. Mother and sisters bundled the boy and girl, and left them alone. Within a few days the lovers usually declared their desire for marriage. Everybody was happy, and no one shocked.

Another curious custom was 'shift weddings.' In England, throughout the eighteenth century, there was a grotesque belief that if a widow were 'married in her Shift [chemise] without any Clothes or Head Gier on,' the bridegroom would be exempt from paying any of his bride's ante-nuptial bills. In New England, it was thought if the girl was married 'in her shift on the King's Highway,' a creditor could follow no farther in pursuit of his debt. Many such eccentric marriages took place. And the brides were often Puritans!

When Major Moses Joy married Widow Hannah Ward, the widow stood in a closet, without a stitch on,

and held her hand out to the Major through a hole in the door. Then, while the wedding guests waited, she donned a beautiful satin gown which the gallant groom had thoughtfully deposited in the closet. The Widow Lovejoy, while nude and hidden in a chimney recess behind a curtain, wedded Asa Averill. And the well-known Widow Bradley, clad only in her shift, met her sweetheart on the public highway, halfway from her home to his. One bridegroom saved his widow-bride pneumonia by meeting her on the road, as she ran along in her chilly little shift, and dressed her then and there in a velvet gown and a big warm coat. But first this canny gentleman, to avoid legal entanglements, announced, in the presence of witnesses, that the clothes which he put on her were only lent for the occasion.

Weddings in Boston were elaborate affairs, but in Plymouth, simplicity and frugality governed the life of the Colony. Even at a wedding feast, the *pièce de résistance* was nothing more than a trencher of succotash, with boiled fowl, corned beef, and port on the side. Hasty pudding was the universal dish, though baked beans and pork soon became a Pilgrim specialty.

When people visit Plymouth, they resort piously to restaurants that specialize in fish. And they eat lobsters and halibut, clams and scallops, bent on doing the proper thing, and eating as the Pilgrims used to. But the early settlers thoroughly disliked sea-food, and never experimented with such formidable things as shellfish. It was two hundred years before New England became addicted to oysters. And they were

such a novelty then that Thackeray, visiting in Boston, had never seen them before. When half a dozen, served on ice, were presented for his delectation, and his hostess urged him to start with the biggest, he protested in horror. 'It's too much like the high priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off.' And experimented, instead, with a smaller one. When he had swallowed it, he looked pained, and said he felt as if he had swallowed a little baby. Fish in Plymouth is very good. Eat it by all means, but not in deference to the Pilgrims.

The most important homes to visit, for a vivid presentation of Pilgrim life, are the humble ones of long ago, with their kitchen living-rooms, and huge fireplaces with Dutch ovens. Here are the wooden platters they used, and the grim old pewter. The broad-bottomed, roomy armchairs — very straight as to back — were reserved for the grown people. There were benches for the young people and servants. And crickets for the children. Here are their spinning-wheels. Their oaken tables and chests.

After we have seen a Pilgrim home, you might like, for contrast's sake, to visit the Antiquarian House. It is a lovely place facing the sea, and typifies the gracious, ample living of another age. Built by Major William Hammatt, in 1809, with long ell and connecting carriage house, after the fashion of country mansions. It has ample lawns and a rose garden in front, and an old-fashioned flower garden in back. Upstairs are closets full of fine, quaint clothes. Curtains rustle at the windows, and ocean breezes drift through the stately rooms.

Now some old mansions are musty, and smell like museums. They display their treasures in glass cases, which is not a nice way to treat guests. Custodians go snooping from room to room. And there are signs forbidding us to touch. But the Antiquarian House is not a bit like that. It has a fine, hospitable air. If you would like to go back a century and drop in for a call, I'm sure the Hammatts would be delighted. They're pleasant people — the Hammatts — dead a century now, but such nice ghosts!

CHAPTER X

Nantucket and the Cape

Once upon a time there was a giant who used the Cape for his bed. He was so big that he covered the whole length, and sunk comfortably in its curves, and slept for years at a time. But once he was very restless, and had such nightmares that he thrashed and tossed and ploughed the sand into hollows and dunes. When he woke, he found to his annoyance that his moccasins were full of sand. So he took them off, and threw the sand all far into the sea. And where it fell, it made two islands. And one is Nantucket. And the other is Martha's Vineyard. That is the old Indian Legend and quite true, they tell me.

To reach the islands, you go to Wood's Hole, and there take a steamer that plies between mainland and islands. Old Nantucket is, of course, always described as 'quaint.' But 'quaint,' according to the natives, was never the adjective any one truly sensitive to beauty would apply to the town. Its streets are narrow and crooked. And many of its houses no bigger than playhouses. There is an exquisite charm about the place, and an old-time graciousness that is very appealing. Personally, I can't think of a better adjective than 'quaint' — but maybe you can. If you can spend a week-end here, take your car if possible, for there are

lovely drives, and everybody goes to 'Sconset, over moors fragrant with swamp pink and wild roses. Poor little 'Sconset! The sea is creeping up on her, so that some day, there'll be nothing left at all. What was once the Common is now away back of the breakers.

The first white settler in Nantucket was a man named Macy, who bought the island from the Indians for a small sum of money and two beaver hats. Mr. Macy used to live in Salisbury. One day four Quakers stopped at his house during a rainstorm, and asked for shelter. It was against the law to entertain Quakers, but the Macys were hospitable folk, and made them welcome, which was a terrible crime in those days. When the town fathers heard about it, they were very indignant, and fined Mr. Macy heavily.

He paid the sum, and told his persecutors that he was resolved to 'take up his abode among savages, where religious zeal had not yet discovered a crime in hospitality.' He went to Nantucket, where the Indians received him as graciously as he had received the Quakers. Soon afterward — the island being so free from intolerance — Quakers came, and settled here. And here their descendants live to this day.

In the days of prosperity, Nantucket was a whaling village. The first settlers had long boats in which they gave chase whenever they saw a whale. If they succeeded in making a capture, the yield of oil and bone made it a rich prize. But the whales, plentiful at first in the near waters, finally swam away to sea. Then ships were fitted to go after them. And longer and

longer voyages were undertaken, until it became the custom for vessels to sail to the most distant seas, on trips that lasted for years.

Nantucket developed into the chief whaling port of America. Her ships wandered far from the lanes of commerce, and their captains discovered thirty islands in the Pacific. One Nantucket whaleship was lost on the coast of the Fiji Islands, and all the crew, but one, were murdered and eaten.

If you want to know what happened on some of the whaling voyages, read 'Moby Dick,' which tells of the chase of the famous white whale.

The whaling captains built dignified and beautiful Colonial homes of quiet simplicity and beautifully adapted to the spirit of an island village.

One of the most interesting things about the old houses is the 'Captain's Walk,' built on the roof, enclosed by a railing, and reached by a stairway through the attic. During the golden days of whaling, wives and children waved farewell to the captains as they sailed to sea. And watched from the Walk for their homecoming.

There are many stories of Nantucket fishermen, but the most famous is the one about the old captain who, when they took soundings, ate the mud, and could tell by the taste if the fishing would be good.

In deciding where to fish, a lead line is lowered and soundings taken to determine the depth of the water. An expert captain gets to know the realm beneath the waters very thoroughly. The lead has a hollow at its lower extremity in which a little grease is inserted, so

that a sample of the sea bottom may be secured. This old skipper could invariably tell just where he was by examining the soil his lead brought up. In order to perplex him, his crew once put some garden loam from the island in the cup of the lead. They made a pretense of sounding, and then asked the skipper to name the position of the vessel. The old fisherman tasted the dirt on the lead — his favorite method of determining its individuality — and suddenly exclaimed, 'Nantucket's sunk! We're over Ma'am Hackett's garden!'

Everybody has heard, I suppose, Thoreau's description of Cape Cod. 'It is the bared and bended arm,' he said, 'of Massachusetts. The shoulder is at Buzzard's Bay. The elbow, or crazy bone, at Chatham. The wrist at Truro. And the sandy fist at Provincetown.' Extend your arm, flexing the muscles, and you will get a very good notion of what the Cape is like. (It would, by the way, be a pious idea to read Thoreau's 'Cape Cod,' before you make the trip.)

Get out your road map now, and start planning. The usual thing is to go by one route, and return by the other. Let us take the Bay road down, and the ocean way back. When there are inland towns to see, we can cut across from either shore, for the average width of the Cape is not great, and nothing is ever very far away. (Before we go farther, I might suggest, if you haven't time for Thoreau, get a Cape Cod booklet from any travel or ticket agency, and read Walter Prichard Eaton's article printed by the New York, New Haven

and Hartford Railroad and the New England Steamship Company.)

I should love to tell all *I* know about the Cape, but the publishers will not let me make my book any longer. Not, after all, that a travelogue is necessary. The keenest enjoyment of this particular trip is scenic. You don't need a Baedeker to call your attention to a Cape Cod house — or hollyhocks growing against a picket fence. Who cares that there are three hundred and six miles of beaches, and five hundred and eighty-six miles of shore line? Fourteen hundred and fifty miles of macadam road, and two hundred and sixty-seven lakes and ponds? It doesn't make a little white house any lovelier to know who built it, and when. And the dunes could be no grander, if you knew their depth and frontage. The Cape is older than Plymouth, and has a splendid past. But its chief charm is pictorial. And I think that is probably a relief, for you must be getting fed up on history.

Thorfinn, the Viking, came here in 1007, in search of Vinland. And sailed away in disgust, because there was no wine, but only whales. The French were here between 1604 and 1608. Then the Dutch came. And, in 1614, Captain John Smith went exploring up and down the coast. You know how the Pilgrims anchored in the bay at Provincetown, before they went on to Plymouth. And that is proof enough, I guess, that Cape Cod is simply hoary with antiquity.

The Cape owes its name to Bartholomew Gosnold, an Englishman who anchored outside it in 1602, and was so

pleased when a school of cod swam around his boat that he called the land for them. His Majesty declared it a most undignified name, and changed it to Cape James. But even kings have not always power to change a name for the worse. As Cotton Mather said, 'Cape Cod is a name which it will never lose till shoals of codfish be seen swimming on its highest hills.'

'There sailed an ancient mariner,
Bart Gosnold was he hight.
The Cape was all a wilderness
When Gosnold hove in sight.

'The hills were bold and fair to view
And covered o'er with trees.
Said Gosnold: "Bring a fish line,
While lulls the evening breeze.

'"I'll christen that there sandy shore
From the first fish that I take,
Tautog or toad-fish, clam or cod,
Horse mackerel or hake."

'Old Neptune heard the promise made
Down dove the Water-god.
He drove the meaner fish away
And hooked a mammoth cod.'

There are fifteen towns on the Cape, and forty-three darling villages. But I have space to mention only a few. Every one is particularly interested in Sandwich, I think, because of its glass. The town was settled in 1637. It looks it. Antique elms. Drowsy little houses, old and gray. A mill pond. And an ancient cemetery.

The glass factory was founded in 1825 by Deming Jarves. America had never before tried to blow her own

glass. There were dense pine forests all about Sandwich, so fuel cost practically nothing. To get the thing started right, Jarves sent to England for a Mr. Harris, who knew how to blow the prized opal glass. Mr. Harris stayed in Sandwich six months, and received five thousand dollars for his pains, which was a tremendous sum in those days.

The factory went over with a bang. And the glass sold like hot cakes (however hot cakes sell). Not content with plain, everyday ware, Mr. Jarves experimented with colors, and produced canary, gold, ruby, black, and blue.

He gave his patterns lovely names like Loop and Jewel; and Beehive and Thistle; Horn of Plenty and Sandwich Star. The Thirteen Hearts pattern was first made in Sandwich, and the Spread Eagle.

For a generation the industry flourished. Then, suddenly, it perished. It went out like a candle. And, in no time, people decided that the whole thing had been a hoax. The glass, they said, was cheap and ugly. And many of them threw it away. When most of it was broken, collectors began to set a value on it. A strange demand was created. Genuine old glass — scarce as hens' teeth — became precious as rubies. People came from far and wide, and combed the Cape. Sandwich was the mecca of collectors, and many of them established shops, and are still here.

Now, I like old things. But I never did care about Sandwich glass. And neither, apparently, does Walter Prichard Eaton, who wrote this for 'The Mentor':

The first DON'T of antique collecting is this: Don't consider anything an antique which does not date back a hundred years or more. A person had better leave the last three quarters of the nineteenth century alone, for that is the period of black walnut furniture, black marble fireplaces, Currier and Ives lithographs, and so-called 'Sandwich' glass. 'Sandwich' glass is widely collected to-day as an antique, and often brings high prices. In nearly all instances, however, it is artistically worse than useless — positively hideous. As hideous as another product — the Bennington dog. 'Sandwich' glass is now reproduced, and can be bought in the five-and-ten-cent stores, if you feel you must have it. Indeed, it is often bought there, and then resold to you as an 'antique'! 'Sandwich' glass may have a sentimental history, but it is junk, nevertheless.

I don't know what the antique collectors will have to say about Mr. Eaton's prejudices. But I do know that Victorian things are coming back, and Mr. Eaton is wrong when he says to leave the last three quarters of the nineteenth century alone. Maybe, from an æsthetic point of view. But, practically speaking, this is the time to buy Victorian and hold for a bullish market. As for lithographs — there is already a large demand for them. The nasty little Bennington dogs I always hated. They look so stuck-up.

After Sandwich is Barnstable, another delightful village. Yarmouthport and Yarmouth Village follow on one another's heels. And next is quaint old Dennis. A few miles farther lies Brewster. Finally, in the crook of the elbow is Orleans, looking exactly as an old New England town *should* look.

From here to Provincetown there is but one road between dunes and the sea. Beyond Orleans is Eastham,

where Henry Beston built his 'Outermost House.' (That's another book for you.) It was at Eastham, as Thoreau records, that 'in 1622 the town agreed that part of every whale cast ashore should be appropriated for the support of the ministry.... The ministers,' Thoreau adds, 'must have sat upon the cliffs in every storm and watched the shore with anxiety.' Ten miles beyond Eastham is Wellfleet, which still retains the flavor of its ancient fishing days. Then comes Truro, and the Highland Light.

Do not miss the famous Light Station, with its magnificent view of bluff and sea. Ask at Truro for directions. A guide will take you through the lighthouse, and if you have never seen one, here lies your golden opportunity.

Nine miles from Truro is Provincetown.

'A heavenly town is Provincetown:
Its streets go winding up and down.
Dark Portuguese
From far-off seas —
Their ships in bay —
Pass time of day
With friends who wander up and down
The pleasant streets of Provincetown.

'The air is crisp with briny smells;
The time is told by chime of bells;
The painters sketch each little nook
In colors like a children's book.
Yellow shutters, windows pink,
Purple shingles, trees of ink.
Front Street, Back Street.

Narrow winding lanes;
Many-colored fishing boats,
Sails and nets and seines.'

Provincetown is built on one side of a straggling, narrow street, with the ocean on the other side. Nowhere else in the country is there a point of land that stretches so far into the sea. And there are many people who like to walk to the tip end, and stand there, so they may say they have the 'whole United States behind them.'

The village is simply overrun with artists and authors. Commercial Street, which is the main stem, is only eighteen feet wide, and the painters park right in the middle, set up their easels, and go to work. Mr. Eaton says that in the old days in Naples, when you took a drive, you rang a bell as you went along. And the inhabitants ran out, and removed the racks of macaroni which were drying in your path. 'In Provincetown,' he says, 'the motorist blows his horn in the hope that somebody will remove the artists. But nobody does.' Once a year the artists have a masquerade ball, which is very gay. Perhaps you would like to inquire the date, and plan to go.

You must not try to motor to Provincetown and return the same day. When you come, plan for at least a week-end. There are dozens of places to stay. Every old maid in town takes roomers. Many of them are descendants of sea-captains, and have houses full of treasures. Good old furniture, and silver, and fine china. Shawls from India, and linen from Madeira. The old maids make wine from wild grapes, and serve it

in Bohemian glass, if you take their fancy. And you may sleep in ancient bedsteads, between sheets of finest linen. All very grand, but the bathroom.

Half the windows in town have signs that advertise 'Rooms to Rent.' Shop around until you see one you like. You can always find a bath if you look long enough. It is pleasanter to take your meals out, because the town is full of places to eat, and the food they serve is excellent. If you don't like living in this rather Bohemian fashion, there are hotels and several boarding-houses. The hotels are rather expensive, but rooms in private homes are very reasonable. Meals are cheap, because artists are proverbially broke, and the restaurants cater largely to them.

When you have wandered around awhile, you will know why painters love the place. Old houses. Gray wharves. Brilliant gardens. And behind the town, the Dunes. Miles and miles of sand, white and clean as snow. A little Sahara, heaped, like the desert, into valleys and ridges. This is one of the great camping-grounds of artists, and lovers. Remote and strange. A world of white sand and nothing more. Writers come here for inspiration. And one of them wrote this — 'To a Dune':

'At noon your breath
Is hot as amber blaze,
And your topaz glow
Is brighter than the flash
Of a golden scimitar.

'But at night,
When the moon

Pours upon you
A sea of light,
You are luminous, alluring,
And beautiful.

A Cleopatra in gold and black,
Drawing me to your
Rounded breasts.'

Eugene O'Neill, America's greatest dramatist, lives in summer at Provincetown. And in the spring he has to dig his house out because the drifting sands bury it in the winter-time. To reach O'Neill's place, one must tramp through so much sand that he is not bothered greatly by casual callers. A hundred years ago, O'Neill's shack was situated like many others. Until 1835 the town had no streets at all. The inhabitants walked along the shore. Or along the paths made between homes — and saw no need for any.

It is hard to leave Provincetown. But when you must, retrace the way to Orleans. Then go by the ocean to Chatham. At Chatham Bars is one of the finest views on the Cape. Run off your course a few miles, and there you are. Bar on bar of sand, with breakers dashing in mid-ocean, as though it were the shore. Chatham Bars are unique on the New England Coast. And there is a very fine hotel — the finest on the Cape — where millionaires pay twenty-five dollars a day to watch the waves break in the middle of the sea. (But there are benches farther up the beach where you may watch them for nothing.)

Here is the home of Joseph Lincoln, the best ad-

vertiser the Cape ever had. Probably you know Lincoln's books. Everybody seems to, for his house is a tremendous drawing card for Chatham. Tourists photograph it all day long. And, if you're that kind of a tourist, you may too.

Driving on, you will run through the Harwiches — South, West, and Port. Next is Bass River. Then Hyannis, the metropolis of the Cape. Later comes Craigville Beach, the Ritziest place on the Cape. Afterward, Osterville, with its charming summer colony. Cotuit, next in line, gave its name to an excellent oyster, and is a darling town, besides.

Falmouth is the last town before we reach Wood's Hole, where the boats sail for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. If you can, visit the Marine Laboratory, the place where they made little tadpoles that never had a papa. Now they are working so hard on artificial fertilization that sometime we may be able to have babies in brand-new fashion.

CHAPTER XI

Odds and Ends

Whenever I pack a trunk, I put my best things in first. And when they are in, I start on the less important things. And when I think I've remembered everything, I begin to remember all the things that are left.

Writing a travel book is rather like packing a trunk. When you think you're through, you begin to find left-overs. Important ones, too. Left-overs isn't a very good word. Odds and ends might be better. Don't think lightly of them because they were left for the last. I couldn't put Bunker Hill in with Gloucester, any more than you could pack a straw hat with a pair of shoes. Nor Dorchester Heights with the Fairbanks House. The Athenæum doesn't fit with Flo and Ruby. Nor the Arboretum with the Museum. So, since they didn't go with anything else, here are the odds and ends all by themselves, and choice as remnants often are.

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS

The trip to Dorchester Heights, in South Boston, is not a pleasant one. South Boston used to be very fine, but many of its red-brick mansions are tenements now, and the place has lost much of its ancient prestige. It sits back a little from the sea, and looks with jaundiced eye on Marine Park and the Aquarium. People go to

South Boston to visit the beaches, and Castle Island, and the Aquarium. Strangely enough, hardly anybody goes to Soldiers' Monument, which stands on top of the Heights, and is the finest and most romantic spot of all

If you should climb to the balcony of the Monument, you probably would not encounter a soul. There is a splendid view of the city, like a living map below. The many-islanded harbor to the east. The city to the west. The white tower of the Custom-House. The gold dome of the State House. The blue ribbon of the Charles. Unless you see Boston from some such eminence, you can hardly realize how truly a maritime city she is. Nor can you understand how it was that Dorchester Heights won its fame.

We can drive to South Boston. It is not far from the South Station, where you might ask directions. Or take a City Point car from Park Street Subway, and get off at G Street. Up the steep hill is the Monument.

The Aquarium is two miles away, along the ocean drive, and a fine walk on a fair day. From the Aquarium, we may go by a bridgeway to Castle Island in the harbor.

We will go first to the Monument, and learn a bit of history. Now, every one knows about Bunker Hill. But hardly anybody knows about Dorchester Heights, which proves there is nothing like advertising. As a matter of fact, the history made on these Heights was of greater significance than Bunker Hill, but it has never been properly publicized.

It was in the winter of 1776, and the British were

occupying Boston. Washington had been granted permission by Congress to attack the city. But he loved it well, and wished to save it if he could. General Howe, in command of the British troops, had fortified every place which seemed important. But by some incredible oversight, he forgot Dorchester Heights.

When Washington, camped in Cambridge, saw what the English had not seen — how this unique position commanded both city and harbor — he knew that his opportunity lay right here. But he had no adequate cannon or siege guns, and nothing could be accomplished without them. The year before, the Continental troops had taken cannon at Ticonderoga in New York. And now Washington decided to send young Henry Knox — afterward General Knox — to bring the captured cannon to Boston. In the face of terrific difficulties, Knox brought them hundreds of miles through blizzards and drifting snow to Cambridge. Washington, meantime, was being severely criticized for his long delay. Everybody wanted to know why he didn't attack Boston, and have it over with.

Finally Knox returned. Then, on the night of March 4, Washington sent two thousand men to fortify Dorchester Heights. All through the night, the Americans cannonaded from Roxbury, to drown the noise of pick and hammer, and the clatter of wagons dragging siege guns up the hill. All unwittingly, Howe aided the general hubbub by replying with his great guns. Through the darkness the Continental soldiers worked like mad.

At dawn of day the British General opened his eyes in

astonishment. 'They've done more in a night,' he cried, 'than my whole army could do in a month!'

Now Washington could destroy every English ship in the harbor. Howe swore he'd storm the Heights. But his men remembered Bunker Hill, and the memory left them spiritless. In desperation, Howe sent Lord Percy with three thousand soldiers to undertake the perilous business. But a terrific storm swept the Bay, and made an attack impossible. By the time it had cleared, the Americans were so strongly entrenched that only suicidal folly would have attempted their reduction.

Then Howe and Washington made an agreement, by which Howe was to evacuate, and Washington was to refrain from using his guns. This was Washington's first stroke in the war, and one of his most brilliant. He had cleared New England of the enemy and sent a thrill of joy over the whole country.

In their haste, the British left behind more than two hundred cannon and great quantities of ammunition, all of which became the property of Washington's army. Furthermore, the news of Howe's departure did not reach England for several weeks. Meantime British vessels were being sent to Boston to supply the wants of the army. And so they did — but not *their* army. They sailed innocently into the harbor and were captured, and their contents went to increase the stores of the rebels — which went to prove, as Napoleon used to say, that God was on the side of the strategists, or something like that.

BUNKER HILL

Every one who visits New England has two places he wants particularly to see — Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill. These two seem to epitomize American history in the minds of most tourists. I'm afraid you may be a little disappointed in Bunker Hill, because it is not all as strangers picture it. The topography of a city changes a great deal in a hundred and fifty years, and modern Charlestown does not resemble Revolutionary Charlestown.

In the spring of 1775, the British occupied Boston, while the American army occupied the mainland from Cambridge to the Mystic River. General Gage would have felt safer if the surrounding hills had not offered such good places for the Americans to fire into Boston. The only way to guard against such an attack was for the British themselves to occupy those hills.

The American army was under the general command of General Artemas Ward. Hearing of Gage's intention to occupy the hills above Charlestown, Ward sent a force of twelve hundred men, on the night of the 16th of June, to fortify and possess Bunker Hill, and thus forestall the English. Under Colonel William Prescott this band marched silently to Charlestown, *and, arriving at midnight, began to throw up entrenchments.* Furiously they labored, till break of day revealed their work to the astonished British. The British opened fire. But the Americans toiled on, until at noon they were well entrenched behind strong redoubts. Then Howe determined to storm the American works.

By three the British landed — three thousand of them — and started the ascent of the Hill, a daring and suicidal thing to do, but a sample of the bulldog courage of the Englishman. Up they came, and not a shot was fired. For it was here that General Putnam gave the famous order: 'Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes.'

Finally the order was given — and the British fell back with hundreds wounded. Three times they advanced and were repulsed. Their losses were enormous. It is possible they would have been completely annihilated. But suddenly — tragically — the American gunpowder began to give out. As the fire slackened, the mystified British charged with their bayonets. There was nothing for the Americans to do but return the onslaught with clubbed muskets and stones. The fight became a dreadful hand-to-hand encounter. When the carnage was at its horrible height, Prescott saw the folly of continuing, and gave the order to retreat.

General Joseph Warren, the valiant American commander, lingered as though disdaining flight. His courage cost his life. And through his death, the American cause suffered the most serious loss occasioned by a single death during the entire war.

The British lost Pitcairn (the doughty old man who was going to stir the rebels' blood with his finger). And they lost, besides, 1054 men. The Americans were obliged to retreat, and so lost Bunker Hill.

Technically, it was an English victory. But here England really lost her thirteen colonies. At Bunker

Hill, the colonists discovered their prowess. And from that day until the close of the Revolution, 'Bunker Hill!' was the rallying cry of the patriots.

THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM

Some one has said that the greatest drawback of summer in the city is that one's nose gets no pleasure out of it. Fortunately, in Boston we have the Arboretum — a perfect paradise to the appreciative nose. No gas fumes here! No stifling oil. No sizzling tar. But only the fragrance of flowers rising to heaven.

Now, personally, I hate to walk. But I love to walk in the Arboretum. Cars are prohibited, but there are bridle paths. If you ride, perhaps you had rather see it that way. After all, there are two hundred and fifty acres, and you can't afford to miss an inch. There are stables near by where fine saddle horses are for hire. And get up early, if you never do it again. The Arboretum is open from sunrise until sunset, and loveliest in the early morning, when everything is shining with dew, and clean as clean can be. Pheasants run headlong across your path. Squirrels chatter. And little brown rabbits scutter under the bushes. The trees are full of birds. And the world is full of sweetness. And every one gets sentimental and says, 'God's in his heaven; all's right with the world.'

To walk along the broad gravel path on Lilac Sunday is a Boston rite. On Cherry Sunday, two weeks earlier, the apple trees are blooming, and the world is pink and white, and very sweet. Then come azaleas in clouds of

salmon, and orange, and rosy mauve. Later, there are rhododendrons, blazing like a sunset, lighting the landscape with flaming bonfires. And in the winter, the hemlocks are heavy with snow, and the bare boughs gleam with ice. And the horses' hoofs strike sparks from the white path up the hill. So that those who love the Arboretum never know when they love it most.

There isn't anything else like it in America. And the wonder of it is that it will go on forever and forever, growing always more beautiful. The city of Boston has title to the land, but it is leased to Harvard College for a thousand years, at a rental of one dollar a year. At the end of a thousand years, the College may renew the lease for *another* thousand, 'and so on, from time to time, forever.'

When James Arnold, a merchant of New Bedford, died in 1869, he left one hundred thousand dollars for the promotion of horticultural interests. The Arboretum was established, and Charles Sprague Sargent became its first director. From the day of its birth to the hour of his death — fifty-five years later — Professor Sargent worked for the glory of the Arboretum. And when he died, he left ten thousand dollars, to be accumulated for two hundred years, the income thereafter to be devoted to the Arboretum. To a distant generation this is a gift of millions. 'This work,' said Professor Sargent, 'will go on. It is work which the country will not allow to pause or fail. Time will establish the Arboretum ever more firmly. And others will contribute many more dollars than I can bequeath. My real legacy is the Arbore-

tum itself. But my will shall contain this record and sign of my faith.'

The Arboretum's threefold function is scientific, economic, and æsthetic. It introduces new trees and shrubs to landscape architects and lovers of plants. It assists in combating tree and plant troubles. It experiments constantly, and gives its knowledge freely all over the world.

Perhaps you have hedges of Japanese barberry. There are thousands of miles of it in America. This decorative plant was first introduced into the country by the Arboretum. And so was clematis, which pours its glistening waves over trellises and arbors, walls and pergolas, from coast to coast. The Arboretum sent to Russia for clematis. To the Orient for mountain azaleas. And to Tibet for regal lilies, grown now by millions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. All over the world the Arboretum gleans the choicest blooms and finest trees, and tests them for their adaptability to new environments. When they have been observed and proved, many will fare forth into public parks and private gardens. And the world will be richer, not only in beauty, but in botanical and horticultural knowledge.

Remember — there's nothing like it in America! And you cannot afford to miss it. Open every day from sunrise to sunset!

THE ATHENÆUM

Would you like to play at being a Boston Brahmin? You've heard, most likely, of the Athenæum, where all

real Bostonians go for tea and culture? It is a rather gloomy and very dignified building at number 10½ Beacon Street. A quite scholarly and intellectual haven.

To enjoy the Athenæum one must be a 'Proprietor' and own a share, which entitles one, not only to the use of weighty volumes in scholarly seclusion, but also to afternoon tea for three pennies!

Never before has any but a real Brahmin been permitted to drink tea and nibble crackers for three pennies. But now the Proprietors are seized with hospitality. Visitors in Boston, after asking at the desk for a card, may be accorded the cherished privileges of Proprietors.

Here are intellectual old gentlemen, with pointed beards, carrying green cloth bags. Attenuated spinsters, in rusty black. Professors from Harvard and Wellesley. Dames from Beacon Hill. Authors and poets. And erudite essayists. Shares to-day cost four hundred dollars, and are eagerly sought by good Bostonians.

As you enter the lobby, you will read this somber declaration: 'Here remains a retreat for those who would enjoy the humanity of books.' And that, in brief, is exactly what the Athenæum is. The three-penny tea is picturesque, but it is only incidental. This is a place where books are hoarded for those who love them well. Amy Lowell understood that when she wrote of the Athenæum:

> 'And as in some gay garden stretched upon
> A genial southern slope, warmed by the sun,
> The flowers give their fragrance joyously

To the caressing touch of the hot noon;
So books give up the all of what they mean
Only in a congenial atmosphere,
Only when touched by reverent hands, and read
By those who love and feel as well as think.'

The Athenæum is what you might call a gentleman's library. It keeps to such subjects as biography, history, travel, poetry, fiction, letters, and essays. It has no circulating library. No best-sellers. Its borrowers are practically a family. This being so, it is natural and proper for readers to scribble in the back of each book their opinions, for the guidance of others. Having declared themselves, they sign their initials.

The Athenæum was founded in 1807, when George Washington's library was offered for sale, and there were no funds anywhere to buy it. A few smart Bostonians got together, and, forming a society, chipped in. Washington's library was purchased, and formed the priceless nucleus of the Athenæum. Another precious treasure is the library given to Boston in 1698 by William III, to keep the clergy educated.

If you wish to visit, you may have tea in the alcove overlooking the Granary Burying Ground. And roam about at will. But don't go unless you enjoy atmosphere with a literary flavor. And don't go unless you love books. Remember Oliver Wendell Holmes said there are a great many gentlemen and others, who really hate books, but never had the wit to find it out, or the manliness to own it.

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

If you are a Christian Scientist, you will wish to visit the Mother Church, in the Back Bay. And if you are not a Scientist, you will be quite welcome. Services on Sundays are at 10.45 in the morning and 7.30 in the evening. On Wednesday evenings at 7.30 there are Testimonial Meetings, when members testify to the cures wrought by Science. If it is not convenient for you to attend services, the Church is open to visitors on Wednesdays and Fridays from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon, when a gracious guide will show you about.

The original Church was built in 1894 by Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer of Christian Science. Within a few years, there were so many members that Mrs. Eddy approved the proposal of certain of her followers that a fund of two million dollars be raised for the building of an adequate extension. With a dome twice as big as that of the State House. And higher than Bunker Hill Monument. Never was there such a response. Money flowed like water to the coffers of little Mother Church. In no time the amount was oversubscribed. And still contributions kept coming. In desperation, Mrs. Eddy sent out word to stop the flood.

The first Church is used now for a Sunday School. The Sunday School, by the way, meets in three divisions. There is one for children under four. (Infants go to Christian Science Sunday School, and babies of seventeen months can prate that 'God is Love.') The second division is for children from four to twelve. And the third for young people up to twenty.

There are seats in the auditorium for five thousand people, and there are more pipes in the organ than there are seats in the hall. The pews are of red mahogany from San Domingo, and gleam richly against the pure white background. On the walls are inscriptions from the Bible and from Mrs. Eddy's writings.

Opposite the Church are the vast buildings of the Publishing Society.

Whatever you may think of the merits of Christian Science, you will be impressed by its enormous wealth and great strength. And you will most certainly admire the beauty of its Mother Church.

THE FAIRBANKS HOUSE

In Dedham is the Fairbanks House, the oldest frame house in America. It was built in 1636 by Jonathan Fairbanks, and the remarkable thing about it is they have never modernized it. Other old houses have been restored. But the Fairbanks place stands now as it was in the beginning.

Fortunately for posterity, the Fairbankses were set in their ways. They had no patience with new-fangled ideas. What was good enough for their ancestors was good enough for them. And so they lived on and on — nine generations — in a little bit of a house, and never changed a thing!

The place is owned now by the Fairbanks Family of America, and kept as a memorial to their common ancestors. The last direct descendants of Jonathan were three old maids — Nancy, Sally, and Prudence, who

lived here for nearly a hundred years. Nancy was the last to go. She was born in Jonathan's old bed, and she died in it. Underneath is the trundle bed in which nine generations of Fairbankses slept when they were small. (A trundle bed was a little bit of a bed that came creeping out at night, from under the skirts of the big bed. Children slept in trundle beds, and were called, affectionately, 'trundle-bed trash.')

The road that goes past the Fairbanks place was once an Indian trail, and led to Narragansett Bay. Nancy and Sally and Prudence loved the old trail, and when the town fathers wanted to put through a fine highway, the sisters objected. When it was laid in spite of their protests, they swore never to use it. And they were as good as their word. To go through the fields made their trip to town an hour longer. But never would they set foot on the hated highway. When Sally and Prudence died, Nancy had their bodies carried through the pasture to the old burying ground. Then she lived all alone in the old house, and every one wondered what would happen when *she* died. But Nancy had a friend, who fixed things with the undertaker. And Nancy, when she went forth on her last journey, followed Sally and Prudence through the fields of clover.

The Fairbankses were a very respectable family, and the three old sisters were never the same after the dreadful thing that Jason did.

'Some kill their love when they are young;
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust.

Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold.'

Jason used a knife. And

'They hanged him as a beast is hanged:
They did not even toll
A requiem that might have brought
Rest to his startled soul,
But hurriedly they took him out,
And hid him in a hole.

'They stripped him of his canvas clothes,
And gave him to the flies:
They mocked the swollen purple throat,
And the stark and staring eyes....'

Nancy and Sally and Prudence said Jason was innocent. That Elizabeth Fales had killed herself with a knife. There were plenty of people believed it, too — though Jason was hanged for the crime.

Elizabeth Fales was a beautiful girl of eighteen, and very much in love with young Fairbanks. The families did not approve of the match, because Jason had a withered right arm. Unable to do his share of the farm work, he led an idle life, and had no means to marry. But he courted Elizabeth with all his might, and they used to meet, after choir, in the pasture between their homes. One May evening — it was in 1801 — Elizabeth went to keep a tryst. Next morning her mutilated body was found in the meadow.

Jason was arrested. And the Fairbankses hired the best lawyer in the country — Harrison Gray Otis,

whose home we visited in Boston. Mr. Otis advanced a very clever argument to show that Elizabeth, maddened by a love which could never end in marriage, seized from Jason a large knife which he was using to mend a quill pen. And inflicted upon herself the terrible wounds from which she died. Mr. Otis went into the psychosis of hopeless passion. Elizabeth's love life, he said, was thwarted. Repressions drove her insane.

But psychological defenses were ahead of the times. If Elizabeth had inhibitions that lashed her frantic, they were over the heads of judge and jury.

The Court found Jason Fairbanks guilty of murder and sentenced him to be hanged. From the courthouse he was taken to Dedham Jail. A few days later, through the aid of a number of men who believed him innocent, he escaped, and fled to Canada. A reward of one thousand dollars led soon to his capture. And the gallows was made from a tree cut from the Fairbanks lawn.

Sally and Prudence and Nancy almost died of grief. A murderer's mourners are outcasts — and outcasts always mourn. So the poor girls shut themselves in their little house, and cried and cried. By and by, they grew old and a little queer. And now they are a legend in Dedham. If you'd like, for pity's sake, to plant some seed from Nancy's garden, you may buy an envelope of old-fashioned flowers, and grow in your own garden the blossoms that Sally and Prudence and Nancy watered with their tears.

FLO AND RUBY

On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at half-past two, a staunch little craft called Flo and Ruby steams jauntily away from the Berkeley Street landing, on the Charles, and off to Watertown. (Berkeley Street is a three minutes' walk from the Arlington Street Subway, and only a moment from Copley Square.) For an hour and a half Flo and Ruby cruises up and down the Charles, and the skipper spins his tales. Along the Esplanade, past the Stadium. By Longfellow's Bridge. To the spot where came the Norsemen one thousand years ago.

Captain Munroe is skipper, orator, and *raconteur*. He recites poems, reviews history. And talks a blue streak: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, Mount Auburn on our right, the most beautiful garden cemetery in America. ... The Harvard Boathouses.... The celebrated Gold Coast.... Houghton Mifflin's, the largest publishing house in the world. Every day they print fifteen thousand books.... The old Powder House.... Technology.... The meadows on either side, ladies and gentlemen, have been sown with wild flowers, to make you happy.... Bunker Hill Monument in the distance. Twenty miles to Sunset Bay, and twenty home again. ... Forty miles for fifty cents!'

Captain Munroe has lived near the river all his life, and knows it from its source to the sea. He is not content merely to point landmarks, as other skippers do, but tells tales in connection with them, and recites the verses that have immortalized their fame. So that a trip

on the Flo and Ruby is a real experience, and something to save for one of those afternoons when there is not a breeze anywhere but on the Charles.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Every week-day morning (excepting Monday, when the building is closed) a guide from the Museum of Fine Arts meets visitors at eleven o'clock, for free guidance in the galleries. Some mornings there are general tours. On other days, the time is spent in a single gallery. The Egyptian Room. Or the Japanese Galleries. The American Rooms. Or the hall of Spanish Art. There are French Rooms. And Galleries of Roman and Etruscan Art. There are collections of sculpture, paintings, and prints. Tapestries. Armor. Jewelry. There is, in fact, anything in which you may be interested. In most cities only students avail themselves of the privileges of museums. In Boston every one does.

If you wish, you may telephone in advance to ask for a guide to show you whatever you want most to see. There is a charge of one dollar for an hour's special guidance, and four people may make the tour. For groups larger than four, there is an additional charge of twenty-five cents a person. All guides are authorities on Museum collections, and I cannot think of a more delightful or profitable way of spending an hour. There is a restaurant adjoining the Japanese Galleries. After luncheon, you might visit the American Rooms. Then walk through the Fenway to Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace.

THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

Children visiting in Boston should know about the Children's Museum. A delightful place for youngsters, and a grand place to park them. Not that the Museum is a nursery school, or anything like that. Its young habitués are embryo scientists, botanists, and horticulturists.

The purpose of the Museum is to educate children in the natural sciences, and to promote a love of nature. Last year more than 130,000 attended classes, or went to see the exhibits. On Sundays there are sometimes as many as fifteen hundred young visitors. Alone — in little groups — and by classes from city and country schools, they come. And they return again and again, fascinated by the strange and wonderful exhibits. Stuffed elephants. Bears. Birds and turtles. And mummies. Small girls adore the costume dolls.

The Museum is a brilliantly successful organization, for it helps children to acquire a deep interest in nature, and to love birds and flowers, so that all through their lives they feel its beneficent effect.

April and May Bird Walks, on Saturday mornings, draw large numbers of eager children. During July and August there are all-day field trips. Every Saturday afternoon, and on alternate Sundays, there are lectures.

The Museum is on Jamaica Pond, so easily accessible that it would be too bad for the children to miss it.

There! I've told the nicest things I know. It's the

best I can do. Except to hope that you will enjoy Boston as much as you ought.

P.S. If you're in love — or just naturally romantic — go canoeing some night on Lake Waban in Wellesley. But be sure you wait for a moon. A little moon is best. But a full one will do.

THE END

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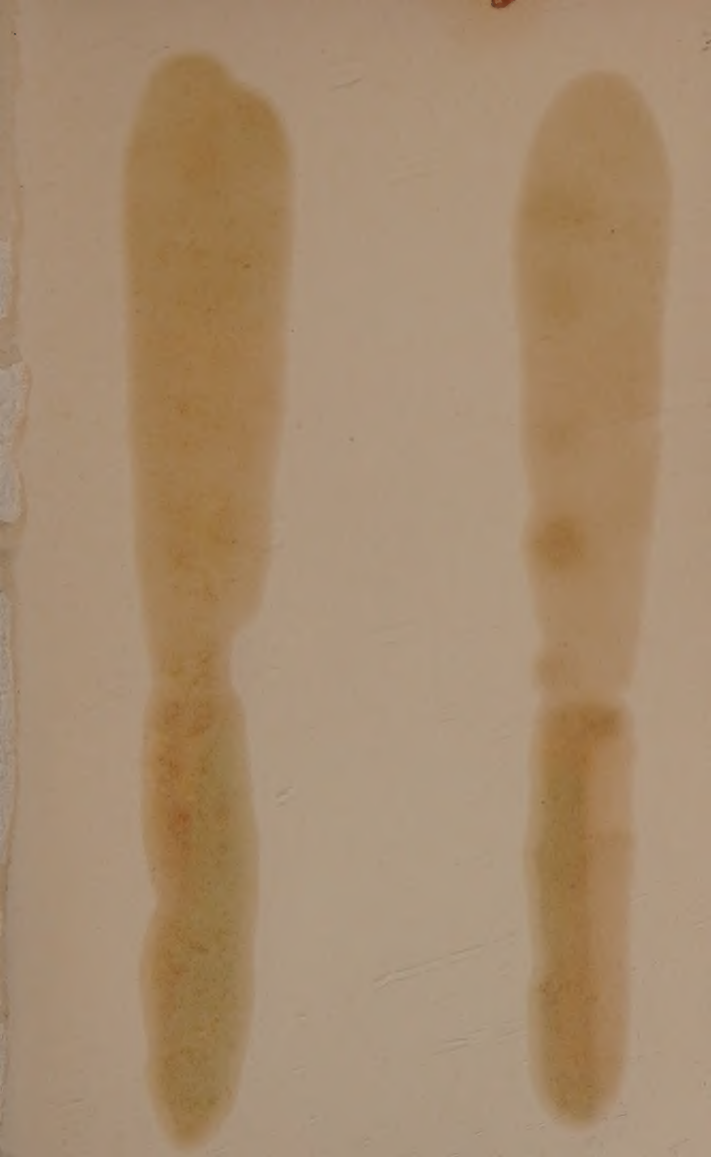

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